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IN FAIRYLAND



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IN FAIRYLAND

STORIES RETOLD BY

EMMA SERL

*Instructor in Primary Methods
Teachers Training School, Kansas City, Mo.*

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

NANCY BARNHART



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IN FAIRYLAND



IN FAIRYLAND

THE FAIRY FOLK

UP the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home:
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watchdogs,
All night awake.


High on the hill-tops
The old king sits;
He is now so old and gray,
He's nigh lost his wits.

By the craggy hillside,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite?
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

THE SHOEMAKER AND THE ELVES

NCE upon a time in a far-away land, there lived a shoemaker who was very poor. He worked hard every day from early in the morning until late at night, but he kept getting poorer and poorer.

One day he said to his wife, "I have only one piece of leather. It is enough to make one pair of shoes. I will cut them out to-night and sew them in the morning. Perhaps some one may come and buy them."

The shoemaker cut out the shoes. It was late so he put them on his bench and went to bed.

In the morning he got up early to begin his work. But there on the bench instead of the pieces of leather was a pair of the finest shoes he had ever seen! The good man could hardly believe his eyes. He stood and looked and looked and looked.

"Wife, Wife," he called, "come and see these shoes!"



The wife came and stood and looked and looked and looked.

"See," cried the shoemaker, "the shoes are finished! Who could have made them?"

Now while they were wondering a man came in.

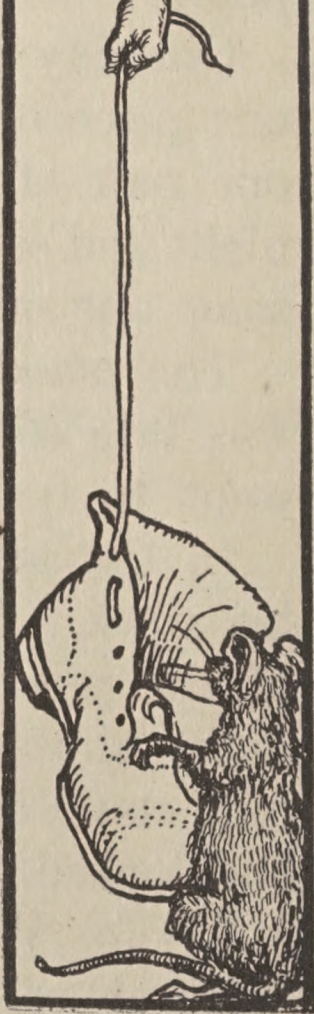
"I am looking for a fine pair of shoes," he said. "Have you any to sell?"

"I have this one pair, sir," said the shoemaker.

"They are just what I want," said the man. "Here is the money for them."

The shoemaker now had enough to buy leather for two pairs of shoes.

He said, "I will cut them out to-night and make them in the morning."



So he cut them out and left them on the bench as before.

But in the morning instead of the pieces of leather there were two pairs of fine shoes! The shoemaker wondered and wondered and wondered.

Soon two customers came in. "We wish to buy two pairs of fine shoes," they said. "Have you any to sell?"

"I have these two pairs," answered the shoemaker.

"They are just what we want," said the men. "We will pay you well for them."

Now the shoemaker had enough money to buy leather for four pairs of shoes. That night he cut them out and in the morning four pairs of shoes, all finished, stood on his bench.

And so it happened for a long time. Every night the shoemaker left his work on the bench and every morning he found it finished.

People began to talk about his fine shoes, and the shoemaker began to get rich. But still he did not know who it was that did the work, and he kept wondering and wondering and wondering.

At last he said, "Wife, I want to know

who it is that helps us. Let us sit up to-night and watch."

"Yes, let us watch," said the wife. "It must be the good fairies who are helping us."

So that night the shoemaker left the work on the bench as before and then he and his wife hid behind the door. They waited and waited and waited. The clock struck ten — but no one came.



After a long time it struck eleven. Still no one came. And then, after a long, long time it struck twelve.

Suddenly there was a strange sound at the door and ten little elves danced across the floor. They ran around the room and then jumped up on the shoemaker's bench.

Tap, tap, tap; rap, rap, rap; stitch, stitch, stitch; how they did work! They made wee shoes for babies and beautiful slippers for ladies and shoes for big, big men. At last just before the sun came up the work was all finished. Then the elves laughed and danced and hugged each other. They ran

around the room — and in a minute all were gone.

The shoemaker and his wife came out from behind the door. There on the bench was the row of fine shoes.

“The dear little elves!” said the shoemaker. “How they have helped us!”

“The dear little elves!” said the wife. “How I wish that we might do something for them!”

“What can we do?” asked the shoemaker.

“I know,” said his wife. “I will make ten little suits of clothes and you can make ten little pairs of shoes.”

“That is good,” said the shoemaker. “Let us go to work at once.”

So for ten days the shoemaker and his wife worked and worked and worked. The wife made ten tiny suits of clothes and the shoemaker made ten wee pairs of shoes.

At last they were all done and that night the shoemaker put them on the bench in place of the cut-out leather. Then he and his wife hid behind the door.

When twelve o'clock came the ten little elves danced into the room. They jumped up on the shoemaker's bench, but there

were no shoes to be made. Instead there were ten little suits of clothes and ten wee pairs of shoes.

The elves looked and looked and looked. Then each little elf put on a little suit of clothes and a pair of wee shoes. They laughed and danced and hugged each other. They ran around the room and out of the door and no one ever saw them again.

But the shoemaker always had shoes to sell, he grew richer every day, and he and his wife were happy as long as they lived.



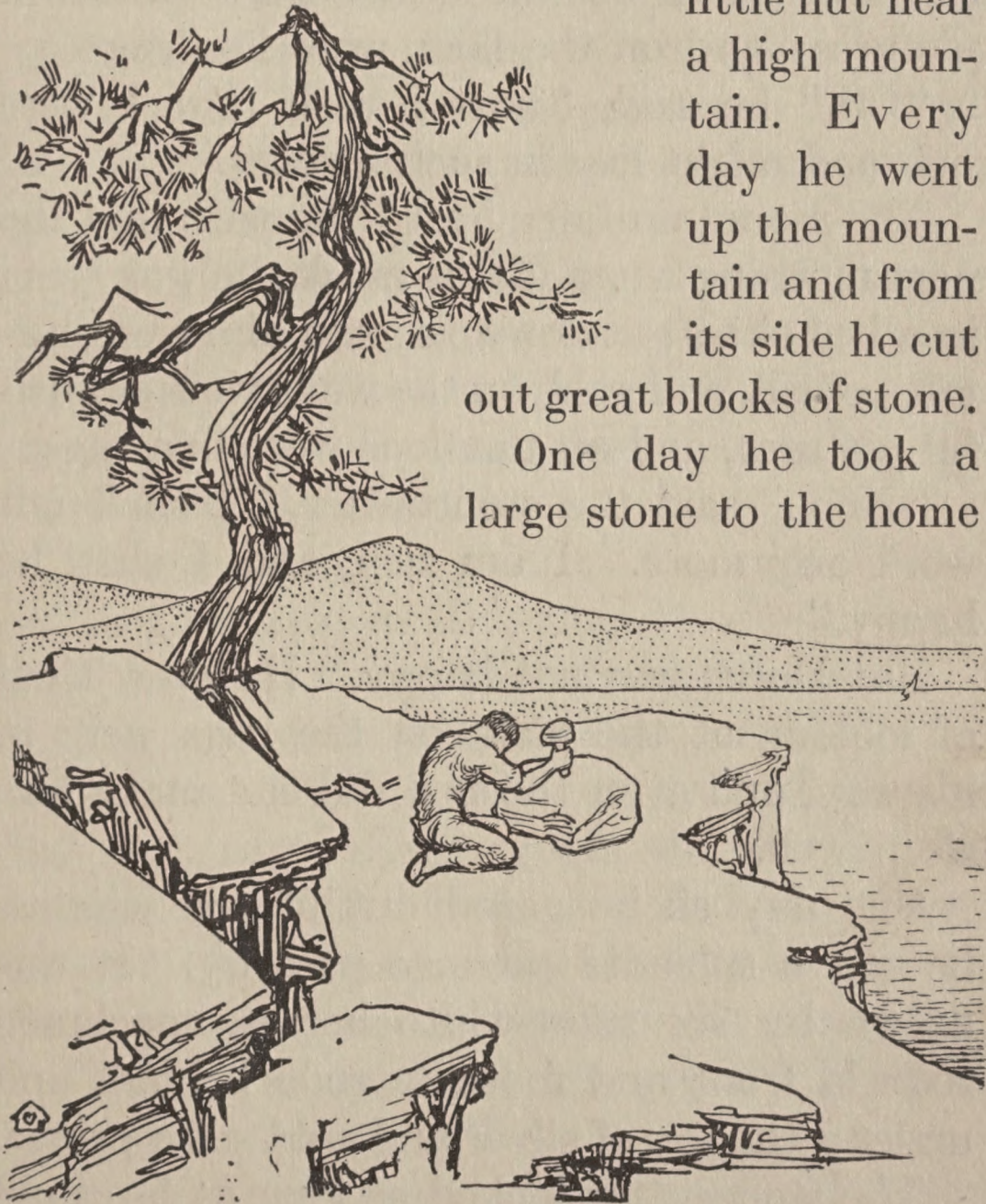
THE STONECUTTER

ONCE upon a time in far-off Japan there was a stonecutter by the name of Hofus. He lived in a

little hut near a high mountain. Every day he went up the mountain and from its side he cut

out great blocks of stone.

One day he took a large stone to the home



of a rich man in the city. While he waited he walked through the big rooms of the house. When he came to the bedroom of the rich man he stopped in wonder. He saw a bed as soft as down with curtains of silk and gold; on the walls were beautiful pictures; and on the floor were fine rugs.

“Oh,” he said, “how I wish that I were rich and might live in such a room.”

The mountain fairy heard the wish and the next morning when Hofus awoke he was lying in a bed as soft as down, around him were curtains of silk and gold, on the walls were beautiful pictures, and on the floor were fine rugs.

“Now,” said the stonecutter, “I shall not work any more. I am rich, and I shall be happy.”

But Hofus was not happy. He grew tired of looking at the pictures, the rugs were in his way, and even the bed did not make him sleep well.

One day as he gazed out of the window he saw a splendid carriage pass by. It was drawn by six snow-white horses, coachmen rode in front and footmen rode behind, and under a canopy of silver and gold sat a prince.

The stonecutter looked as long as he could

see and then he said, "Oh, how I wish I might be a prince and ride in such a splendid carriage."

The mountain fairy heard and the next day when Hofus awoke he was a prince. Servants dressed in blue and silver waited upon him, he ate from plates of gold, and he rode in a splendid carriage drawn by six white horses.

"Now," said the stonecutter, "I shall be happy. I am a prince and no one is greater than I."

But Hofus was not happy. One day as he walked in his garden he saw that the sun had made the flowers bend their heads, that the grass was dry and dead; even he was burned by the great heat.

"I am a mighty prince," he said, "but I am not so great as the sun. It can do things that I cannot do. I wish I were the sun."

The mountain fairy changed Hofus to the sun. He rode high in the sky and he sent his hot rays down upon the earth. He burned the rice fields and killed the cherry blossoms, he dried up the streams and rivers, he made every one suffer from his great heat.

"Now," he said, "I am great. There is nothing so mighty as I."

But the next day a cloud came and rested

between him and the earth. He sent his hottest rays against it, but the cloud remained unchanged.

“I am the mighty sun,” he said, “but I am not so great as the cloud that can hide my face. I wish I were the cloud.”

The mountain fairy heard and Hofus was changed to the cloud. He floated over the earth and he kept the sun from shining upon it. Day after day he sent rain to the ground below. The rivers overflowed, the rice fields were covered with water, and towns and villages were swept away.

“There is nothing so mighty as a cloud,” said Hofus; “now I am truly great.”

But there was one thing on the earth that did not feel the rain from the cloud. That was the great rock on the mountain side. The cloud saw it and sent a torrent of rain, but the rock remained unmoved.

The cloud said, “That rock is greater than I. I wish I were a great rock that could not be burned by the sun or moved by the rain.”

At once the fairy changed him to a rock. For years he stayed on the mountain side. The storms came and beat upon him, but he remained the same.

“Now I am mighty,” said Hofus, “nothing can change me now.”

But one morning the rock heard a strange noise at his feet — tap, tap, tap. A stonecutter was chipping away at the rock; soon a great block was broken off.


The rock sighed and said, “There is one greater than I. I wish I were a man. There is nothing so mighty as a man.”

The fairy heard and Hofus was himself again. He lived in the same little hut, and every day he went up the mountain side and cut out the great blocks of stone.

And as he labored he said, “Now I know that I am truly great in doing my daily work.”



CINDERELLA

NCE upon a time in a far-away city there lived a rich man, his wife, and only daughter. They were very, very happy until one day the mother took sick and died. Then came many sad days for the young daughter.

Some time after the father married a woman who was proud and cross. She brought with her two daughters of her own who were also proud and cross.

The new mother was harsh and cruel to her husband's daughter. She was made to work with the servants and sleep on a bed of straw in the attic. In the evening she sat in the chimney corner among the cinders and so her stepsisters called her Cinderella, or the cinder maiden.

Her clothes were ragged, yet she was far more beautiful than they could ever hope to be. This made the sisters jealous and they abused her in every way they could.

Now it happened that the king gave a

great ball and he invited to it all the rich people in the country.

The two sisters spent days in getting ready to go. They talked of nothing but of the clothes they were to wear.

“I shall wear a red velvet dress,” said the elder, “and I shall trim it with pearls.”

“I shall wear yellow satin,” said the younger, “with a black velvet cape. I am sure it will be finer than yours.”

Thus every day the sisters quarreled about their dresses.

At last the night of the ball came and Cinderella was called to help them make ready. She

combed

their hair and fastened their gowns and did everything she could to help.

“How I wish I could go to the ball,” she said.

“Ha, ha, you go to the ball?” said the



elder. "You would look fine at such a place!"

"Balls are not for cinder maids," said the younger.

When the sisters got into their coach Cinderella went back to the kitchen. She sat down in the chimney corner and began to cry. All at once she heard a noise in the chimney. She looked up quickly, and a little old lady stepped out from the fireplace.

"Don't be frightened, my dear," the little lady said, "I am your fairy godmother. Now tell me why you are crying."

"I wish — I wish," sobbed the girl, and that was all she could say.

"You wish to go to the ball, don't you?" said the fairy.

"Yes, oh yes," cried Cinderella, "if I could only go once, I should be so happy."

"You shall go to-night," said the fairy. "Now do as I tell you. First bring me a pumpkin from the garden."

Cinderella stopped crying; she ran into the garden and there by the fence was the biggest pumpkin she had ever seen. She took it to the kitchen and the fairy touched it with her wand.

Then a wonderful thing happened: the big yellow pumpkin became a fine coach covered all over with gold!

“Now we must have some horses,” said the fairy. “I think there are six mice in the mouse trap. Bring them to me.”

Cinderella did so; the fairy godmother opened the trap and as each mouse ran out she touched it with her wand. In an instant there were six fine black horses hitched to the coach ready to start.

“Now we must have a coachman,” said the fairy. “Ah, here is a rat in the meal, he will do nicely.”

She touched the rat with her wand and a coachman jumped up into the seat of the coach ready to drive.

“Lizards make good footmen,” said the fairy. “See if you can find some under the back steps.”

Cinderella found four and the fairy changed them into footmen with fine green coats.

“Now we are nearly ready,” said the little godmother. “Here is a beautiful coach in which you shall ride, my Cinderella, six splendid horses, a fine coachman, and four good footmen.”

“But how can I go in these clothes?” cried Cinderella. “Every one would laugh at me.”

The fairy reached over and touched her with her wand and the ragged dress became a fine robe of silk all covered with jewels. On Cinderella’s head was a crown that sparkled with diamonds and on her feet were beautiful glass slippers.

“Now you can go,” said the fairy godmother, “but you must not stay after midnight. For when the clock strikes twelve your coach will become a pumpkin again; your horses will be mice; your coachman, a rat; your footmen, lizards; and you will be dressed in your ragged clothes.”

“I will remember, dear godmother,” replied Cinderella.

She then stepped into the coach and was driven to the palace of the king.

Now the king’s son had heard that a princess whom nobody knew was coming to the ball. So he met Cinderella at the door and led her to the great hall.

When she entered the room every one stopped talking, the dancers stopped dancing, and the musicians stopped playing. All

looked at Cinderella, for no one so beautiful had ever been seen.

The prince took her to the king and queen and soon he began to dance with her. The ladies gazed at her fine clothes and planned how they would have some made just like them.

The evening was delightful; Cinderella found her two sisters, and was kind and gracious to them. This pleased them, for they were proud to be noticed by so fine a stranger.



As for the prince, he could not leave Cinderella's side; he would dance with no one else, and he hardly looked at the other ladies.

The time passed quickly. When Cinderella heard the great clock strike a quarter of twelve she remembered what the fairy god-mother had said. So graciously saying good-

night, she hurried to her coach, and reached home just before midnight.

Her fine dress disappeared and she was again a ragged little cinder maid sitting by the fireplace. Again she heard a noise in the chimney and the fairy godmother stood before her.

“You did not forget my words, Cinderella, and so you may go to the queen’s ball to-morrow,” she said. “Goodnight.”

The two sisters soon came home. Cinderella met them at the door and pretended to be very tired and sleepy.

“How late you are,” she said.

“If you had been at the ball,” said the elder sister, “you would not have thought it was late. The most beautiful princess ever seen was there.”

“Yes,” said the other, “and she was very nice to us. She talked to us more than to any one else except the prince.”

“What was her name?” asked Cinderella.

“Nobody knows,” the elder replied. “The prince could not find out. He has offered a big sum of money to any one who will tell him where she lives.”

“We are going to the queen’s ball to-morrow

night," said the other. "Perhaps the princess will be there again."

"How I wish I could see her," said Cinderella. "Dear sister, may I not wear one of your dresses and go to-morrow night? Please let me go once."

"What! Wear one of my good dresses? No, indeed! Besides you would not know how to act at a ball. Go back to the kitchen where you belong."

Cinderella laughed as she went down the stairs.

"I wonder what they would say if they knew," she said. "I am glad she did not lend me a dress."

The next night came and the fairy godmother gave her a dress of white satin more beautiful than before.

"Remember twelve o'clock," were the fairy's last words as Cinderella stepped into the coach.

The queen's ball was even more delightful than the king's ball had been. The prince talked to her and danced with her and took her out to supper.

Cinderella was so happy that she forgot what the fairy had said until the great clock

began to strike the hour of midnight. Then she jumped up and ran quickly out of the room.

The prince tried to follow her, but he saw no one on the steps but a poor little ragged girl. As he turned to go back he found one of the little glass slippers of the princess in the hall.

Cinderella reached home with nothing left of her fine clothes but a little glass slipper, the mate of the one that the prince had found.

The sisters were very late in getting home.

“Did you have a good time?” asked Cinderella. “And was the beautiful princess there?”

“Yes,” replied the elder, “but she ran away at midnight and no one could find her.”

“She dropped one of her slippers on the steps,” said the other, “and the prince is going to marry the one who can wear it.”

“Just think,” said the elder, “we shall try it on and perhaps it may fit one of us!”

The next day the messenger of the prince came to the house. He tried the slipper on the elder sister first. How she did try to

squeeze her foot into it! Then the other tried; she squeezed and squeezed, but her foot would not go in.

Just as the messenger was leaving Cinderella came in.

"Please, kind sir, let me try on the slipper," she said.

"Go away," said the elder sister, "you must not touch it."

"You are only a cinder maid, go back to the kitchen," said the other.

But the messenger had orders to try it on all the young ladies in the land, so he slipped it on the foot of Cinderella. It fitted exactly, and she drew from her pocket its mate and put it on the other foot.

The fairy godmother now appeared. She touched Cinderella with her wand and the cinder maid was again dressed in beautiful clothes.

The two sisters now saw that she was the beautiful princess who had been at the balls. They knelt at her feet and begged her to pardon them for the unkind way in which they had treated her.

Cinderella said she forgave them with all her heart and hoped that they would always

be happy. The messenger now took Cinderella to the palace. The prince thought her more lovely than before and wished to be married at once.

The wedding took place in a few days, the bells rang merrily, and all the people sang the praises of Cinderella and the good prince.



HANS AND THE SAD PRINCESS

ONCE upon a time there was a king who had a beautiful daughter. But instead of laughing and playing she was so sad that she never smiled.

This worried the king. He said, "If any one can make my daughter laugh, I will give him all the gold he can carry."

Many came to the palace to try. They told funny stories, they sang funny songs, and they played funny tricks, but not once did the princess smile.

Now near the palace there lived a man who had three sons. The eldest boy was named Peter, the next one Carl, and the youngest Hans. Each wondered what he could do to make the princess laugh and so win the gold.

One morning Peter said, "I am the oldest. To-day I am going to the palace of the king. I will make the princess laugh."

He started out and on the way he met a little old woman who was carrying a heavy basket.

“Good morning, kind sir,” she said. “Will you not help me carry my load? I have a long way to go and I am not very strong.”

“I have no time to help beggars,” said Peter. “I am on my way to make the princess laugh. Then the king will give me all the gold I can carry and I shall be rich. Get out of my way and let me pass.”



The old woman made no reply and Peter went on to the palace.

He did seven funny tricks and then seven more, but the sad princess did not smile.

The next day Carl said: "I am next to the oldest. To-day I am going to the palace of the king. I think I can make the princess laugh."

He started out and on the way he saw a little old woman who was drawing water from a deep well.

"Good morning, kind sir," she said. "Will you not draw water for me? The well is deep and I am not very strong."

"I have no time to help you," said Carl. "I am on my way to make the princess laugh. Get some one else to draw water for you."

The old woman made no reply and Carl went on to the palace.

He sang seventeen funny songs and then seventeen more, but they did not seem funny to the princess.

The next day Hans said, "I am the youngest. To-day I am going to the palace of the king. Perhaps I can make the princess laugh."

He started out and on the way he saw a little old woman cutting wood.

"Good woman," he said, "will you not let me help you? You do not look very strong."

The old woman gave Hans the ax and he cut and cut and cut.

"Now I will carry it for you," said Hans; and he carried it to a little house in the woods.

"You are a good boy," said the little old woman. "I have no money to pay you, but I will lend you this wonderful goose. Take it in your arms and if any one touches it, say, 'Hold fast, hold fast, hold fast.' Now go to the palace of the king."

Hans took the goose in his arms and started down the road. He had not gone far when he met a girl with a basket of eggs.

"What a pretty goose," said the girl. "Pray give me a feather from its wing."

She put out her hand to pull one and as she touched the goose, Hans cried, "Hold fast, hold fast, hold fast."

The girl pulled and pulled, but she could not let go, so she had to go with Hans toward the palace of the king.

Soon they met the girl's mother, who called

to the girl to come home. But the girl could not let go of the goose, so the mother caught hold of the daughter to pull her away.

Hans cried, "Hold fast, hold fast, hold fast!" and the mother could not let go of the daughter. How she did scold! But she, too, had to go with Hans toward the palace of the king.

Now the woman's husband was a very great judge. He was so angry when he saw his wife going along the street in such a way that he took hold of her to make her go home.

"Hold fast, hold fast, hold fast!" cried Hans, and the judge had to follow his wife toward the palace of the king.

Next they met a miller who did not like the judge. He laughed and laughed at the funny procession. Then he poked the judge with his cane.

"Hold fast, hold fast, hold fast!" cried Hans. The cane stuck to the judge and the miller could not let go of the cane. So he joined the procession and went toward the palace of the king.

The miller's boy tried to pull his father away.

“Hold fast, hold fast, hold fast!” cried Hans, and the boy could not let go.

The boy’s dog came out and barked at them. He caught his master’s jacket in his teeth and he went along, too.

At last they came to the palace of the king. Hans and the goose, the girl and her mother, the judge and the miller, his boy and the dog went through the courtyard, up the broad stairs, and into the big room where the sad princess sat.

They marched around the room once. Hans whistled and the goose cackled, the girl dropped her basket of eggs, her mother scolded and tried harder than ever to get away, the judge stamped his feet and pulled, the miller shook his cane, the boy cried, and the dog barked.

Then the princess began to smile. They marched around again and she laughed. They marched around the third time and she laughed until she cried.

“You shall have your gold,” said the king, “as much as you can carry. But what are you going to do with these people?”

Hans stroked the head of the goose and cried, “Let go, let go, let go!”

Then the girl and her mother, the judge and the miller, and the boy and his dog all ran away home as fast as they could. The goose flew back to the little old woman who lived in the wood and was never heard of again.

Soon after that Hans went to the palace to live, and some say that when he grew up he married the princess, who was no longer sad.





TARO

THE

FISHER LAD

LONG, long ago, in the land of Japan, there lived a young fisher lad, named Taro. Early every morning he went out in his boat and he would catch more fish in a day than his comrades would in a week.

His playmates sometimes made fun of him, but every one loved Taro because he was gentle and kind.

One evening as he was going home he

passed a group of children who were teasing a tortoise.

“Boys,” said Taro, “do not do that. You will kill the tortoise.”

“We do not care,” said the boys, “we are having fun.”

And they began to beat and pound the tortoise.

Then Taro said: “I like tortoises. Will you sell this one to me?”

“What will you give us?” asked one boy.

“This piece of money,” said Taro.

“All right,” said the boys, “you may have it.”

Taro picked up the tortoise and carried it down to the sea. He put it into the water and it quickly swam away.

The next morning Taro went out as usual in his boat. He passed the other fishers and went far, far out upon the blue water. Something seemed to lead his boat on and on when suddenly he heard some one call, “Taro! Taro!”

He stood up and looked in every direction, but there was no boat near and the land was far away. Again the voice called, “Taro! Taro!”

This time he looked down into the water and there by the side of the boat was the tortoise he had rescued the day before.

“Well, Tortoise,” said Taro, “was it you who called me?”

The tortoise nodded his head several times and said: “Yes, it was I. Yesterday you saved my life and I have come to thank you.”

“That is very polite of you,” said Taro. “Will you not come into the boat? Come up and dry your back in the sun.”

The tortoise climbed into the boat and sat upon the seat and talked to Taro.

“Have you ever seen the Sea King’s palace?” he asked.

“No,” said Taro. “I have never seen it, but I have heard of it many times. Do you know where it is?”

“It is at the bottom of the sea,” said the Tortoise. “I will take you there if you wish to go.”

“I should like to go,” said the fisher lad, “but I cannot swim so far.”

“You do not need to swim,” said the Tortoise. “I will take you there on my back.”

"That is not possible," said Taro. "Your back is too small for me to ride upon."

As he said these words he saw the tortoise's back become larger and larger until it was wide enough for a man to sit upon.

"Get on," said the tortoise.

Taro did so, the tortoise slipped from the boat into the water, and they went down, down, below the blue waves.

They traveled all day and then Taro saw before them a great palace built of coral and pearls.

Soon they came to the gate and the tortoise said: "Behold



the palace of the Sea King! This fish is the gatekeeper; he will show you the way."

Taro got off the tortoise and followed the fish who swam slowly before him. They passed through the gateway of shells and up a broad avenue. Many fish came to meet them and all bowed low before the stranger.

Before the palace stood rows and rows of soldier fish, and they, too, bowed low as Taro passed.

At the door was a princess more beautiful than any maiden Taro had ever seen. She wore a dress of soft green like the under side of a wave, and her long hair streamed over her shoulders. When she spoke her voice sounded like soft music over the water.

Taro could not speak, but only gazed at her in wonder. The princess took him by the hand and led him to a high seat at the end of the hall.

"Taro," she said, "you are welcome in the palace of the Sea King. Yesterday I was a tortoise and you saved my life. Now if you wish, you shall stay here, I will be your wife, and we shall always be happy."

The fisher lad looked at her sweet face and

answered, "There is nothing I could wish for more than to be with you in this beautiful place."

While he was speaking, music sounded and fish came in carrying trays of good things to eat. The wedding followed and in the kingdom there was great rejoicing.

The happiness of Taro was so great that for a while he forgot all about his parents and his home and the land he had left behind. At the end of the third day he remembered.

"I must go back to my home," he said. "My parents are old; they need me. I must go back."

"Do not leave me," cried the princess. "Are you not happy here? Stay here always by my side."

But Taro said again: "My parents are old; they need me. I must go back."

The princess wept and said: "You shall go to-morrow, but promise that you will come back to me. When you wish to return go down to the sea and open this little box."

The next morning a large tortoise carried Taro far away toward the rising sun. They traveled all day and then Taro saw before

him the blue hills of Japan. Soon they came to the land, and Taro stepped ashore, but the tortoise swam away.

Taro gazed about him with wonder; the hills were the same, the shore was the same, but the houses and boats were different. He looked for his comrades; they were nowhere to be seen. In their places were strangers who looked at him curiously.

Some men and boys came toward him.

"See what a funny old man," cried one of the boys.

"I am not an old man," cried Taro. "I am Taro, the fisher lad who went away three days ago."

He tried to straighten up and show how tall he was, but his back was bent; he tried to walk, but he tottered and nearly fell. His hands trembled and his voice was weak. He was a very, very old man.

"Did you say you were once Taro, the fisher lad?" asked a man.

"Yes, yes, I am Taro," was the answer.

"That is strange," said the man. "I have heard a story that one day three hundred years ago Taro, the fisher lad, went to sea and never came back. But you cannot be Taro."

“I *am* Taro,” cried the old man. “And I have been gone only three days.”

The man laughed and passed on.

Taro wandered through the village streets. The dogs barked at him and the children followed him because he was so old. His home was gone; every one he knew was gone.

He went back to the shore and sat down to think. Those wonderful days in the palace of the Sea King had not been days at all. Each day had been a hundred years!

How he longed to return to the beautiful princess. He thought of the box she had given him. He placed it on the sand before him and lifted the lid.

At first the box seemed empty, then a soft purple cloud came out. It covered the face of Taro and it covered his whole body.

He was no longer very old, — his hair became black, his back was straight, he was again a strong and handsome young man.

A deep sleep came upon him and he sank down on the sand close to the water's edge.

Then the waves took him in their arms and carried him back to the land below the sea where no one ever grows old and where a hundred years are as a day.

DIAMONDS AND TOADS



ONCE upon a time there was a widow who had two daughters. The elder child was much like the mother in looks and actions. Both mother and daughter were so disagreeable and cross that it was hard for any one to live with them. But the younger daughter was as sweet and good as she was beautiful.

Now the mother loved the elder, who was like herself, but she disliked the younger and made her do all the hard work in the house. She washed and ironed and scrubbed and baked while the elder sister sat in the parlor or slept on her soft bed.

Every morning the younger child went to the spring that was a mile from the house to get a pitcher of water.

One day when she had filled her pitcher, an old woman came to her and said:

“Will you not give me a drink? I am tired and thirsty.”

“Gladly will I give you water, for that is all I have to give,” answered the girl. “Sit here and you shall have a drink that is fresh and cool.”

And she held the pitcher so that the old woman could easily drink.

“You speak kind words and you do good deeds,” said the old woman. “In return I shall give you a fairy gift. At every word you speak there shall fall from your lips either a flower or a jewel.”

The girl filled her pitcher again and hurried home. Her mother met her at the door and scolded her for being gone so long.

“I am very sorry,” replied the girl and then she stopped in surprise, for as she spoke two roses and two diamonds fell from her lips.

“What is this that I see?” cried the mother. “When you speak diamonds and roses come from your lips. How has this happened?”

Then the girl told of the old woman at the spring who asked for a drink and of the wonderful fairy gift. And when she finished speaking roses and jewels lay all about her on the steps.

"This is very wonderful," said the mother. "I must send my dear elder daughter to the spring! Come, daughter," she called, "come and see what has happened to your sister. Now, you shall take the pitcher and go to the spring for water and when an old woman speaks to you be sure to answer her graciously."

"I do not want to go to the spring," said the elder daughter, "it is too far and the sun is too hot."

The mother said, "You must go, and at once."

The girl grumbled, but at last took the pitcher and went slowly toward the spring. When she reached there a young woman with beautiful clothes begged for a drink.

"The day is warm and I am very tired," she said. "I pray you draw me a drink from the cool spring."

"Why should I get water for you?" asked the girl. "I have all I can do to draw it



for myself. I was sent here to give a drink to an old woman who can give fairy gifts."

"I, too, can give fairy gifts," said the young woman, "and since you speak nothing but rude and unkind words I will give you this gift: at every word you speak, there shall fall from your lips a viper or a toad."

The girl waited awhile for the old woman, but, as she did not come, she filled her pitcher and went home.

Her mother came to meet her and cried, "Well, daughter, did you see the old woman and did she give you a fairy gift?"

"I saw no old woman," replied the girl and as she spoke three toads and two vipers fell to the ground.

"What dreadful thing is this!" cried the mother. "It is your sister who has caused this trouble and she shall pay for it."

She treated the younger daughter cruelly and at last drove her from the house. The poor girl had nowhere to go, so she hid herself in the forest.

There the king's son found her one day when he was hunting. He stopped his horse and asked why she was there alone and why she cried.

“My mother has driven me from home,” replied the girl, “and I have nowhere to go.”

The prince was amazed to see the diamonds and roses that fell from the girl’s lips with each word that she spoke. He got down from his horse and she told all of her sad story.

Then the prince took her to his father’s palace and not long after they were happily married.

“For,” said he, “no other maiden could bring me such riches as this one with the kind words that fall like diamonds and roses from her lips.”

As for the older sister, she made herself so hated that no one cared to be near her. At last she went away by herself in the woods and was never heard of again.



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

PART I

THERE was once a rich merchant who had six children, three boys and three girls. The three daughters were all handsome, but the youngest was so very beautiful that every one called her "Little Beauty."

The two elder sisters were proud; they went every day to balls and plays and they made fun of Beauty when she stayed at home to read or do some useful work.

Now it happened that the father suddenly lost all his money and had nothing left but a small cottage in the country.

He called his children to him and said, "My children, we must go to live in the little cottage; we have no money so we shall have to work for our living."

The two elder daughters said that they did not know how to work and that they did not want to leave the city, but Beauty said that she would be glad to go wherever her father went.

In a short time they moved to the country. The father and the three sons worked in the fields; they plowed the ground and sowed the seed and cared for the garden. Beauty did most of the work in the house. She rose early every morning, made the fires, cleaned the rooms, and got breakfast. The two sisters slept late; they were cross most of the time and were unkind and rude to Beauty.

After they had lived this way about a year, the father received a letter saying that one of his ships had just come to port. He thought that the ship was lost long ago and he was much surprised at the good news. The elder sisters were very happy, for they thought that they might now move back to the city and again have money and fine dresses.

The merchant at once made ready to go to see the ship. The elder sisters begged him to bring them new hats and clothes of all kinds. Beauty listened to them but said nothing.

"What shall I bring you, my child?" asked the father.

"Dear father, I want nothing but some roses," answered the girl. "You know we have none in our garden."

The merchant bade them all good-by and set out on his journey.

When he reached the port he heard sad news. The ship had caught fire and burned soon after reaching the shore. There was nothing that the merchant could do, so with a heavy heart he started homeward.

When he had gone some distance a great storm came up. The wind blew, the snow and rain beat about him, and his horse wandered far from the road. It grew very dark and the merchant feared that he should die of cold and hunger.

All at once he saw a light in the woods but it seemed a long way off. He turned his horse and rode toward it. As he went on the road became broad and smooth, the snow stopped falling, and he saw not far ahead a large and splendid palace.

He came to the great gates and found them standing wide open. Much surprised, the merchant rode through, hoping to find the servants, but there was no one to be seen in the yard. He went to the stable; there were the empty stalls with plenty of hay and feed but no grooms or stable boys.

The hungry horse at once began eating

and the merchant walked toward the great house. The doors were open and he passed into the hall. All was quiet. There was not a sound of any living thing except the footsteps of the merchant.

In the dining hall a log was burning in the fireplace and there the merchant stopped to dry his wet clothing. Near by was a table upon which was a good hot supper.

"Surely, the master of the house will be here soon," said the merchant to himself.

He waited some time, then as no one came he sat down to the table.

"Surely," he said, "the master of the house would not blame a hungry traveler for taking food."

It was the best meal he had eaten in many days and he arose feeling much better. He passed through room after room, but there were no signs of master or servants. At last he came to a fine bedroom and here he decided to remain for the night.

"Surely," he said, "the master of the house would not blame a tired traveler for resting in one of his rooms."

It was late when he awoke the next morning. He reached for his clothes, but instead

of the wet, muddy ones he had taken off the night before, he found a fine new suit.

“This wonderful palace must belong to some good fairy,” he said, “who feels sorry for my troubles.”

He dressed and went back to the dining room where a fine breakfast had been placed on the table. He ate and then passed out of doors. Instead of the snow and ice of the night before he found a beautiful garden filled with all kinds of beautiful flowers. Birds sang in the trees, a fountain sparkled in the sunshine, and the air was sweet and warm. As he passed great bushes covered with roses he remembered that Beauty had asked him to bring her some.

“Surely,” he said, “the master of the house will let me take a few of these sweet blossoms to her.”

He broke off a small branch and at the same moment he heard a loud noise and saw a dreadful beast coming toward him.

“Why are you picking my roses?” roared the beast in a terrible voice. “Did I not save you from the storm last night? Did I not feed you and give you a place to sleep? And now you steal my roses that I love

more than anything else. Whoever touches them shall die!”

The merchant, greatly frightened, fell upon his knees and cried, “Kind sir, I did not mean to steal your roses. I picked only a few for one of my daughters. Pray forgive me and let me go my way.”

The beast thought a moment and then replied, “I will forgive you and let you go home if one of your daughters will come to die in your place. You may remain at home a month; then either you or your daughter must return.”

The merchant did not intend that one of his daughters should die for him, but he longed to see them all again, so he said, “I promise that at the end of a month I will return or one of my daughters shall come in my place.”

“That is well,” said the beast. “Now go to the room where you slept. Take the chest that you will find there, fill it with gold or anything you wish, and I will send it to your home. Take with you the roses you have picked.”

The merchant returned to the bedroom and there in the middle of the floor was a large chest. He filled it with gold and silver, closed the lid, and locked it.

Before the door stood a splendid horse which the merchant mounted. The horse carried him quickly down the broad road and away through the woods.

PART II

The next day the merchant reached his home. As he drew near his children came out to meet him. He gave the roses to Beauty, saying, "Here are the roses you asked me to bring, but you little know what they have cost."

Then he told of the strange palace, the garden of beautiful flowers, the picking of the roses, and the words of the terrible beast.

"And now, my children," he said as the tears ran down his face, "I can stay but a month and then I must return to die."

The older sisters began to cry and to blame Beauty because she had asked for roses. "See what trouble you have made," they said.

"Do not weep for father," replied Beauty. "He shall not die. I intend to go in his place."

The brothers begged her not to think of such a thing. "We will go and kill this beast," they said.

“That cannot be,” said the father, “for he has magic power. But, Beauty, I cannot let you go. You are young and I am old. It is best that I should die.”

“I shall go when the month is past,” replied the girl.

The merchant tried to reason with Beauty, but she only said, “I shall go when the month is past.”

The days went by quickly. The sisters pretended that they were sorry to part with Beauty, but in their hearts they were glad to be rid of her.

The month came to an end and Beauty and her father made ready to start for the palace of the beast. The sisters made believe that they were crying and the father and brothers cried in earnest.

Early in the morning the merchant and Beauty mounted their horses and rode bravely away. When it was nearly dark they reached the great palace.

The gates were open and the horses went to the stable while Beauty and her father walked up the broad steps to the great hall. There they found a table filled with many kinds of rich food. Plates were laid for two,

so they sat down, but the merchant was so sad that he ate very little.

When they had nearly finished their supper they heard a great noise and the father began to bid his poor child farewell, for he knew that the beast was coming.

When Beauty first saw the frightful form of the beast she was greatly terrified.

The beast looked at her and then said, "Were you willing to come?"

"Yes," answered Beauty trembling.

"Then you are a good girl and I am much obliged to you."

Beauty was surprised at this answer and her fear became less.

The beast then turned to her father and said, "You may stay here to-night, but to-morrow morning you must leave, never to return. Good night." The beast turned and went away as he had come.

The merchant again begged his daughter to go home and let him remain, but she refused. They then went to their rooms and were soon fast asleep.

Beauty dreamed that a beautiful lady came to her and said, "Do not be afraid, Beauty; you shall have a reward for your goodness."

When Beauty awoke the next morning she told her father of the dream and it seemed to cheer him. He still wished to remain, but Beauty soon made him mount his horse and ride away.

When he was out of sight, poor Beauty began to weep, but being a brave girl she soon dried her tears.

As she passed down one of the long halls she came to a door on which was written "Beauty's Room." She was greatly surprised and quickly opened it. There was the most beautiful room she had ever seen. In it were sweet flowers in vases, bookcases filled with books, musical instruments, and easy chairs.

"The beast does not mean to kill me very soon," said Beauty, "or he would not give me all these fine things."

Here she passed the day and when evening came she thought of her home.

"Oh," she cried, "how I wish I could see my poor father and know what he is doing."

Just then she noticed a looking-glass which stood near by and in it she saw a picture of her old father as he reached the little cottage. Her sisters came out to meet him and

though they tried to look sorry, it was easy to see that they were glad. The picture stayed a minute and then was gone.

It was time for supper; candles in jeweled candlesticks lighted themselves all over the house. Beauty ate at the table which was set for one and just as she finished she heard the beast coming. She was greatly frightened and wondered if he was going to kill her.

“Good evening, Beauty,” the beast said. “How have you passed the day?”

Beauty trembled, but she told him of the many rooms she had been in and the wonderful things she had seen.

“Do you think you can be happy here?” asked the beast. Beauty replied that any one would be hard to please who could not be happy in such a beautiful place.

The beast stayed an hour and Beauty began to think that he was not nearly so terrible as she had supposed at first.

When he got up to leave he said in his gruff voice, “Beauty, will you marry me?”

Beauty was afraid that she might make him angry, but she answered, “No, Beast.”

“Then good night, Beauty,” said the beast, and walked slowly away.

When he was gone Beauty began to feel sorry for him.

"How sad," she said, "that he should have such an ugly form."

Three months passed quickly. Every evening the beast came to see her and stayed an hour. Every day she found out something of his kindness and goodness. Instead of dreading his coming she began to look forward to the time when she should see him again. But every night before he left her he said, "Beauty, will you marry me?" and every time she answered, "No, Beast."

Beauty often looked in the magic looking-glass. She saw that her sisters were married and that her brothers had gone to the war. This left her poor old father all alone. One morning as she watched she saw that he was sick. The next day he was worse and that night she asked the beast to let her go home.

"Dear Beast," she said, "pray let me go to visit my father. My sisters are married and my brothers have gone to the war. My father is all alone and he is sick. I promise that I will return in a week."

"If you leave me, Beauty," cried the beast, "I shall die of grief."

But Beauty begged so hard that at last the beast said, "You shall be with your father to-morrow morning. But do not forget your promise to come back in a week. When you wish to return put your ring on the table before you go to bed. Good-by, Beauty." The beast sighed and walked slowly away.

When Beauty awoke the next morning she found herself in her old home. Her father put his arms around her and kissed her a thousand times. He said that he already felt better and that he would soon be well since he had seen her.

Her sisters heard that she was at home and both came to make a visit. They were as unhappy with their husbands as they had been in their father's home.

When they saw Beauty dressed like a princess and looking so charming they were angry and jealous.

"Why should she have so many fine things?" they said.

"I have a plan, sister," said the elder. "You know the beast told her that she might stay a week. Now let us keep her here longer; then when she goes home the beast will be very angry and he may do some dreadful thing."

“That is a good plan,” said the other. “Let us pretend that she is very dear to us.”

So the sisters went to Beauty and made believe that they loved her very much. This made Beauty so happy that the days passed quickly. When the week was ended the sisters begged her to stay longer. They pretended to cry and said that they could not let her go.

At last Beauty agreed to remain another week, but somehow she felt sad. Every day she thought of the beast and wondered what he was doing. She feared that he might grieve while she was away and she longed to see him again. She met many people at her father's house, but no one was so kind and good and thoughtful as her beast.

The tenth night after she had left him she dreamed that she was in the garden of the palace and that the beast lay on the grass dying. Beauty awoke greatly frightened. She arose and quickly put her ring on the table.

The next morning she found herself back in her room at the palace. She waited eagerly for the evening when she hoped to see the beast. The day seemed very



long, but at last supper time came. She listened anxiously for his steps but he did not come at the usual time. Nine o'clock came and ten o'clock. Then Beauty remembered her dream.

She ran quickly out into the garden and there lying on the grass near the fountain she found the beast. He did not move and seemed to be dead.

Beauty threw her arms around his neck and begged him to speak to her.

He opened his eyes and said, "You forgot your promise, Beauty. I could not live without you, but now that I have seen you again I shall die happy."

"No, dear Beast," cried Beauty, "you shall not die; you shall live and we shall be married."

As Beauty spoke these words, sweet music sounded through the air and a great light shone around, so strong that Beauty for a moment covered her eyes with her hands. When she looked up, the beast was nowhere to be seen, but by her side stood a handsome young prince who began to thank her for what she had done for him.

"But where is my poor Beast?" cried

Beauty. "I want him more than any one else."

"I am he," replied the prince. "A wicked fairy changed me to the form of the beast and said that I must remain so until a beautiful lady should agree to marry me. You have saved me, and all that I have is yours."

So Beauty and the prince were married and were happy all their lives.



THE GIANT'S BABY

ONCE upon a time long, long ago a poor farmer by the name of Roger was going home from work. The snow fell, the wind blew, and it was very cold. The man wished himself by his warm fireside when suddenly he heard a sound that made him stand still and listen.

“What a strange cry,” he said to himself. “Can it be that some poor child is lost in the storm? I will see if I can be of help.”

He did not have far to look, for under the hedge in a dry ditch lay the biggest baby boy the man had ever seen. The child was nearly as large as Roger himself but bald and toothless as a tiny babe.

“You are a strange, strange creature,” said Roger. “I wonder how heavy you are.”

He picked the child up in his arms, but the weight was almost more than he could carry.

“You will die if I leave you here,” he said, “so I must try to take you home.”

The big baby put his strong fat arms around Roger's neck and cried so loud that the man was deaf and dizzy. Thus they started toward home, but the load seemed to grow heavier and heavier. Often the man stopped to rest, but the baby clung so tight that he could not put down his great burden.

At last he reached his home. Joan, his wife, opened the door, he staggered into the kitchen, and put the great child down by the fire.

"What in the world have you there?" cried his wife.

"It is a poor baby that I found in a ditch under the hedge," replied Roger. "I could not leave him there in the storm so I carried him home. And a heavy load he is, too."

"That is no baby," said Joan. "Who ever saw such a big baby? And what a dreadful noise he makes!"

"He is a baby," said the man. "He cannot stand, his head is bald, and he has no teeth. Of course, he is a baby."

"But how do you expect to feed such a child?" asked the wife. "Look at the size of his mouth! It will take all the milk from

one cow to fill him up. He must be a giant's baby. Take him away. We cannot keep him."

But the man said, "I cannot take him away. He would die in the storm to-night. Give him some milk and perhaps he will stop crying."

The woman brought a cup of milk. The child drank it eagerly and begged for more. Cup after cup followed, but at last the cries grew quiet and the giant's baby fell asleep.

"We will call him Tom," said the man. "Perhaps a giant's baby may bring us luck."

"Luck, indeed," said the wife. "We shall be lucky if we have anything to eat after feeding him."

The baby grew fast and oh, how he did eat! Yet somehow everything seemed better at the farm. The cows never gave so much milk, and although Tom drank gallons there was still plenty. The hens laid so many eggs that Joan carried many baskets full to market. The garden was filled with good things and the orchard trees were loaded with fruit. A swarm of bees made their hive in the roof of the barn so there was honey for all winter.

The farmer said, "You see, wife, the giant's baby has brought us good luck, for never before have we had so much."

Joan knew that this was true, yet she grudged Tom every mouthful that he ate.



Soon the young giant became so large that he could not get into the house but had to sleep in the barn. He sat upon a log that could not break as chairs did, and he ate from a table made from a huge piece of wood. But still he grew and grew.

After a while he began to work on the farm. Here he was worth a dozen laborers. He plowed more ground in a day than ten

men could in a week, and he sometimes pulled the heavy wagon in place of the horse.

The farmer soon became quite rich, but the wife made Tom very unhappy. She scolded because he ate so much, she blamed him because his clothes wore out, and she spoke harshly whenever he broke a plate or cup.

At last Tom could stand it no longer, so early one morning he left the farm and went away to the hills where other giants lived.

Now when Roger awoke and found that Tom was gone he was very sad.

"Mark my words," he said to his wife, "Tom brought us luck and Tom will take it away."

"Nonsense," said the wife; "the giant's baby may have brought us luck, but the full-grown giant cannot take it away."

But bad luck did come. The hay stacks and wheat caught fire and were burned up; the cattle and sheep became sick and many of them died; the hens stopped laying eggs; and even the bees left their hive in the roof of the barn.

"If our dear Tom would only come back," said Roger, "all might yet be well. I wonder why he left us as he did."

Then Joan was very sorrowful and she said, "Husband, it was I who drove him away. I blamed him and scolded him and I did not give him enough to eat. I have been very wicked."

Roger was much surprised and grieved, but still he hoped that some day the giant might return.

Now up in the mountains Tom was visiting with another giant who lived in a great cave. All winter he stayed there, but when spring came he began to long for the little farm in the valley. He remembered the kindness of Roger, he forgot the harshness of Joan, he thought of the cattle and sheep, and he wished to be there again.

One morning after telling his friend good-by, he started back toward Roger's home. It was growing dark when he reached the farm. He crept quietly to the house and looked in at the window. There a sad sight met his eyes. Roger was sick in bed and Joan was sitting by his side weeping.

Tom called to them and great was their joy as they welcomed him home.


With the return of the giant good fortune came back to the farm. The farmer soon

got well and he and Tom plowed the fields and planted large crops. Soon many cows and sheep were in the meadow; the hens filled the nests with eggs; and the bees came back to the roof of the barn.

Then Roger and Tom built a very large house so that they all could live together. As for Joan she was never so happy as when baking huge pies and puddings or making new clothes for her dear giant.



SNOW-WHITE

NE day when the snow was falling a queen sat at her window sewing. As she worked she pricked her finger and a drop of blood fell on the snow.

As the queen looked at it she said, "If I had a little daughter, I should wish that she might be as white as the snow with cheeks as red as blood and with hair and eyes as black as ebony."

Not long after this a beautiful child was born to the queen. Her skin was white, her cheeks were red, and her hair and eyes were black. The queen remembered her wish and she called the baby Snow-white.

Not long after this the good queen died and the king married again.

The new queen was proud of her beauty and did nothing all day long but think of her good looks. She brought with her to the palace a wonderful mirror. Every morning she would stand before it and say,

“Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Am I most beautiful of all?”

And the mirror would reply,

“Queen, thou art so very fair,
No one can with thee compare.”

Then the queen would smile and go away happy.

But one day when she asked the question, the mirror replied,

“Queen, thou art fair to see,
But the child, Snow-white, will be
Many times more beautiful than thee.”

This made the queen angry. She said, “The child shall not be more beautiful than I! What can I do? What can I do?”

She thought for many days and then sent for a hunter who lived near a great forest.

“Hunter,” she said, “I want you to take the child, Snow-white, away. Take her far into the forest and leave her there until she starves or the wild beasts kill her. Do this and I will pay you well.”

So the next day the hunter took the child into the forest and left her.

When Snow-white found herself alone, she was greatly frightened. She ran through

the bushes and climbed over the rocks by the brook, but she could find no one. Wild beasts sprang out from their dens, but they only watched her and did her no harm.

When she had gone a long, long way she saw before her a queer little house. She went up to it and found the door open; no one seemed to be at home. She waited for some one to come, but after a while she went inside.

In the middle of the room stood a little table covered with a fine white tablecloth ready for supper. There were seven little plates, seven little knives and forks, and seven little cups. Around the table were seven little chairs and by the wall stood seven little beds.

Poor Snow-white was so hungry that she ate something from each little plate and drank from each little cup. Then she tried each little bed and at last fell asleep in the seventh.

When it was dark the owners of the house came home. They were seven little dwarfs who dug in the mountain for gold. They lighted seven little lamps and then the first little dwarf said, "Some one has been sitting in my little chair."

The second said, "Some one has been eating from my little plate."

The third said, "Some one has been drinking out of my cup."

The fourth said, "Some one has used my fork."

The fifth one said, "Some one has used my knife."

The sixth one said, "Some one has eaten part of my bread."

The seventh one said, "Some one has eaten part of my meat."

Then the first one looked at his bed and saw that some one had been lying there. All the other little dwarfs ran to look at their beds and when the seventh came to his he called the others to come quickly. They held their lamps high above their heads and the light fell upon the beautiful sleeping child.

"How beautiful she is," they cried, and they spoke softly so as not to disturb her.

In the morning when Snow-white awoke and saw all the little dwarfs she was terribly frightened. But they spoke kindly to her and asked her name.

"I am Snow-white," she replied.

“Why did you come here?” they asked.

Then she told them of her stepmother and how the hunter had taken her far out into the forest and left her. She told them how she had found their little house and had eaten from each little plate and tried each little bed.

The dwarfs talked together for a little while, then one said, “Do you think you could keep house for us?”

Another said, “Can you cook and sew?”

Another said, “Can you keep everything clean and neat?”

“I will try,” said Snow-white, and the dwarfs said that she might stay and live with them.

She washed the dishes and made the beds, she swept the floor and baked the bread and cakes, she set the table and had supper ready every night when they came home.

And every morning when the dwarfs went away they said, “Lock the door, and whatever you do, don’t let any one in while we are gone.” For the dwarfs loved Snow-white and they feared the queen might harm her.

Now the queen thought that Snow-white

was dead and she felt quite sure that there was no one in the world so beautiful as herself.

One day she said to the mirror,

“Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Am I most beautiful of all?”

And the mirror replied,

“At home there is none like thee,
But over the mountain is Snow-white free,
Many times fairer than thou, is she.”

The queen was very angry when she heard this. She stamped her feet and she spoke crossly to all who came near her. At last she thought of a plan: she painted wrinkles on her face and she made her hair white. Then she dressed like a poor old woman, took a basket on her arm, and went away over the mountain. At last she came to the home of the seven little dwarfs.

She knocked at the door and cried, “I have pretty things to sell. I have pretty things to sell. Who will buy my pretty things?”

Snow-white peeped through the window and said, “What have you in your basket, old lady?”

“Oh, everything that is pretty,” was the answer, “pins and rings and fans and many fine things.”

“Surely,” thought Snow-white, “this nice old lady will not harm me. I am lonesome and I am going to let her in.”

So she unlocked the door and the old woman entered. Snow-white bought some of the pretty things and then the old woman held up a silver girdle.

“Do you see this?” she asked. “Is it not beautiful? Let me show you how to wear it.”

She put the girdle around Snow-white and drew it so tight that she could not breathe.

“Take it off!” begged the girl, but the old woman only drew it tighter until Snow-white fell down as if dead.

The old woman thought she heard some one coming so she picked up her basket and went away as fast as she could.

Soon the seven little dwarfs came home and found Snow-white lying on the floor. They were greatly frightened and lifted her up to carry her to the bed. Then they saw the silver girdle; they unfastened it



and in a few minutes Snow-white began to breathe again.

When the Queen reached home she went to the looking-glass and said,

“Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Am I most beautiful of all?”

And the mirror answered,

“Snow-white over the mountain brow,
A thousand times fairer is than thou.”

When the queen heard this she was more angry than she had ever been before.

“I will go again,” she said.

So in a few days she made herself look like a lame old woman. She carried a basket and a cane and went to the home of the little dwarfs.

She knocked at the door and called, “Come and see the fine things I have to sell.”

Snow-white looked out of the window and said, “I cannot let you come in. Please go away.”

“I have such fine things,” said the old woman, “may I not come in for a few minutes?”

Snow-white thought, “This old woman is lame. Surely she is all right.” So she opened the door and let her in.

The girl looked at the pretty things and after a while the old woman said, "See this beautiful comb? I will make you a present of it. Bend down your head and I will show you how to wear it."

Now this comb had poison in it and as soon as it touched the hair of Snow-white she fell down as if dead.

The old woman hurried away and at night the dwarfs came home. When they saw Snow-white they knew at once that the wicked queen had been there again. As they looked at the lovely girl one of them saw the poisoned comb. He reached down and pulled it out and Snow-white again came to life. She told what had happened and the dwarfs again told her not to let any one in while they were away.

The wicked queen felt sure that she was now the most beautiful person in the world so she went to the mirror and said,

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Am I most beautiful of all?"

And the mirror answered,

"Queen, thou art very fair,
But with Snow-white no one can compare."

Then the queen was furious. "I will go once more," she said, "and this time I will make sure."

She dressed herself this time like a farmer's wife and took apples in her basket. She went to the home of the little dwarfs and knocked at the door.

Snow-white came to the window. "I cannot let you in," she said; "the dwarfs told me not to open the door."

"That is all right," said the farmer's wife. "Let me show you my fine red apples. Will you not have one? They are ripe and sweet."

"No, I cannot take it," said Snow-white. "The dwarfs told me not to take anything."

"Are you afraid?" asked the woman. "See, I will cut the apple into two parts; I will eat this half, and you can have the red side."

Now the apple was poisoned only on the red side.

Snow-white thought, "There can be no harm in eating just a little of the apple."

She took the piece but as soon as she tasted it she fell down dead.

"Now," said the queen, "the dwarfs cannot save you."

She hurried home and asked of the mirror,

“Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Who is most beautiful of all?”

And the mirror replied,

“There is no one anywhere,
Who can with thee, fair queen, compare.”

When the dwarfs came home that night they found Snow-white lying on the floor dead. They tried in every way to bring her back to life, but in vain.

They placed her on her bed and for seven days and nights they watched by her side.

“She is so beautiful we cannot put her in the ground,” they said.

So they made a coffin of glass and put her in it. They placed the coffin on the mountain top and the little dwarfs took turns in watching so that it was never left alone.

Thus Snow-white lay in state. And her skin was as white as snow, her cheeks were as red as blood, and her hair was as black as ebony.

It happened that a king's son passed that way one day and he saw the coffin upon the mountain top. He remained for days to watch by it and then he begged to take the

coffin to his father's palace. After a long time the little dwarfs agreed to let him take it away. The servants lifted the coffin gently but one of them stumbled and nearly fell. This shook the coffin and the piece of apple came out of the throat of Snow-white.

She moved a little, then she pushed the lid of the coffin aside, and sat up.

"Where am I?" she asked. "And where are my little dwarfs?"

The prince told her all that had happened and begged her to go with him to his father's palace and become his wife.

In a short time the wicked stepmother was invited to the wedding feast. She thought that Snow-white was dead and that no one was so beautiful as herself.

She put on her finest dress and said to the mirror,

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Who is most beautiful of all?"

And the mirror answered,

"The fair young bride is now
Many times more beautiful than thou."

The queen was wild with anger. At first she thought she would not go to the wedding,

but she felt that she could not rest until she had seen the wife of the prince.

As soon as she entered the palace she saw Snow-white, who seemed more beautiful than ever before. The queen was so astonished that at first she could not move. At last she went into the ball room, but her slippers seemed to be filled with red-hot coals, and in them she was forced to dance until she fell down dead.



THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

THERE was once a fisherman who lived with his wife in a poor little hut near the sea. Every morning he went out in his boat and fished and fished.

One day as he sat looking at the smooth water he felt his line pulled. He drew it up carefully and there on the hook was a very large fish.

"This is fine," said the man. "My wife and I shall have enough to eat for several days."

He was about to lift it into his boat when the fish cried, "Put me back! Put me back! I am not a fish but a prince that has been bewitched. Please put me back."

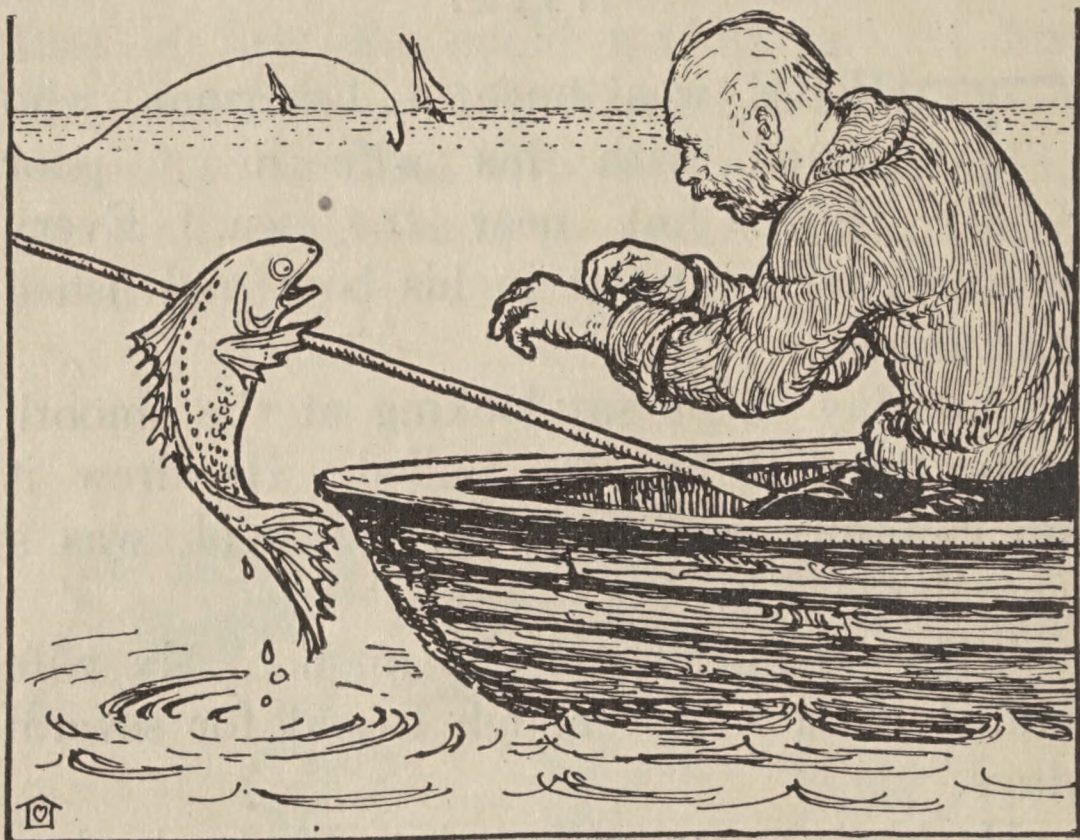
The fisherman quickly dropped the fish.

"I do not want to eat a fish that can talk," he said, "I should rather go hungry."

He rowed slowly to the shore and went to his home.

“Did you catch any fish to-day?” asked his wife.

“I caught one,” said the man, “but it could talk so I threw it back into the water.”



“Did you wish for anything first?” asked the wife.

“No,” said the man. “Why should I?”

“Have you not heard,” said his wife, “that if you catch a talking fish, it will give you what you wish?”

“That is very strange,” said the man.

“Go back and call the fish,” said the wife.

"Perhaps it will come and you can still make a wish."

"I do not know what to wish for," said the man.

"Wish for a nice little cottage," said the wife. "I do not want to stay all my life in such a place as this."

The man did not want to go, but his wife talked until he got into his boat and rowed back to the fishing place. The sea was dark and green and not smooth as it had been. The man stood up in the boat and called,

"Wonderful fish in the sea,
Pray come back and talk to me,
For my wife, Dame Isabel,
Wishes what I fear to tell."

At once the fish came to the top of the water and said, "Well, what does she want?"

The man was afraid, but he said, "She would like to have a nice little cottage."

"Go home," said the fish, "she has her wish."

The man rowed back to the shore and there in place of the little hut was a cottage with roses growing over the door.

His wife came to meet him and said, "See

how much nicer this is than the little hut. Come into the house and see all the pretty things."

"It is fine," said the husband, "we shall be contented here all our lives."

All went well for a little while and then the wife began to wish that the rooms were larger.

"Husband," she said, "I should like to live in a great stone castle and have servants to wait upon me."

"I like this cottage," said the man, "I am happy here."

"But I am not happy," said the wife. "Go back to the fish and tell him that I want a castle."

The man did not want to go. He walked slowly to the shore and got into his boat. The water was not bright and smooth but dark and rough. When he came to the fishing place he said,

"Wonderful fish in the sea,
Pray come here and talk to me,
For my wife, Dame Isabel,
Wishes what I fear to tell."

The fish came to the top of the water and said, "Well, what does she want?"

The man was very much afraid, but he said, "I like the little cottage but my wife wants a great stone castle with servants to wait upon her."

"Go home," said the fish, "she has her wish."

The man went toward his home and when he came to the place where the cottage had been, there was a great stone castle. A servant opened the gate and his wife stood on the steps waiting for him.

"Come in," she said, "and see how much nicer this is than the little cottage."

They passed into a large room that was paved with marble; beautiful pictures hung on the walls and the chairs and tables were of gold. Servants stood near ready to wait upon them.

"I never saw anything so fine," said the husband. "Surely there is nothing more to wish for."

They were happy for several weeks and then the wife became discontented.

"Husband," she said, "don't you think it would be fine to rule over this land?"

"What do you mean?" asked the man.

"If you were king," said the wife, "we

should live in a grand palace; soldiers would fight for us; and we could make the laws for the whole land."

"But I do not want to be king," said the man. "I am happy here in this castle."

"But I want to be queen," said the wife. "I want to rule. Go to the fish and tell him so."

"I do not like to go," said the man.

But the wife said, "Go at once! I cannot wait another day."

The man left the castle and walked slowly down to the sea. The water was almost black and the waves beat against the shore. He got into his boat and rowed as hard as he could. When he came to the fishing place he said,

"Wonderful fish in the sea,
Pray come here and talk to me,
For my wife, Lady Isabel,
Wishes what I fear to tell."

The fish came to the top of the water and said, "Well, what does she want now?"

The man was so afraid that his knees shook, but he said, "I am happy in the castle but my wife wants to be queen and live in a grand palace."

"She wants to be queen, does she?" asked the fish. "Well, go home, she has her wish."

The man rowed back toward the shore and when he came to the place where the castle had stood he found a great palace. Soldiers were marching back and forth, flags were flying, and bands were playing. He was almost afraid to go in, but a servant came and led him to the great hall.

His wife sat on a throne of gold, she wore a beautiful dress, and on her head was a crown of diamonds.

"Husband," she said, "isn't this grand?"

"Yes," said he, "and now you will be contented, for there is nothing else that you can wish for."

A month passed and then one evening the wife watched the moon as it rose across the sea. The next morning she got up very early. As she looked from the palace window, she saw the sun rising over the mountain top.

"Oh," she said, "I wish I could make the sun and the moon rise when I choose and stand still when I choose."

She thought about it for a few minutes and

then she called, "Husband, husband, get up! I want to make the sun and the moon rise when I choose and stand still when I choose. Go to the fish and tell him so."

The man was half asleep and thought he must be dreaming.

"Wake up," screamed the wife. "Go and tell the fish that I want to make the sun and moon rise when I choose and stand still when I choose."

The man was so frightened that he fell out of bed.

"Wife, wife," he cried, "surely you do not mean it!"

"Yes, I do mean it," she said. "Go at once! Do you not know that I am queen? Go!"

The man could hardly stand up, but he dressed himself and went down toward his boat. A fearful storm came up, the wind blew, the lightning flashed, and the waves dashed high up on the shore.

The boat almost tipped over, but the man rowed slowly out to the fishing place. When he reached it he called in a hoarse voice,

"Wonderful fish in the sea,
Pray come here and talk to me,

For my wife, Queen Isabel,
Wishes what I fear to tell."

The fish came to the top of the water and said, "Well, what does she want?"

The man was so frightened that his teeth chattered, but he whispered, "She wants to make the sun and the moon rise when she chooses and stand still when she chooses."

"Go home," said the fish, "your wife is waiting for you in the poor little hut where you first lived."

There the man found her and there they stayed as long as they lived.



PRINCE CHERRY

THERE was once a king who was so kind and honest that the people all called him the Good King.

One day when he was out hunting, a frightened rabbit that was running away from the dogs leaped into his arms.

The king held it close and said, "This little rabbit has come to me for help and I shall not allow any one to harm it."

He carried it to his palace and ordered that it should be given a place to sleep and good food to eat.

That night when the king was alone in his room a fairy came to him and said, "I wished to see if you were really good and kind, so this afternoon I took the form of a rabbit and leaped into your arms. You saved my life and now I promise you that any wish you make shall be granted."

"If you are a fairy," said the king, "you must know that my wish is for my only son, Prince Cherry."

“Shall I make him handsome,” asked the fairy, “or shall I make him rich or powerful?”

“None of the three,” replied the father. “I only wish him to be good — the best prince in the whole world. Of what use would riches, power, or beauty be to him if he were a bad man?”

“I will do my best to fulfill your wish,” said the fairy, and then she disappeared.

Not long after the good king died and Prince Cherry was left alone.

One night when the prince was asleep the fairy came to him.

“I promised your father that I would help you,” she said, “and so I have brought you a ring. Whenever you do wrong it will prick your finger.”

Prince Cherry promised that he would always wear the ring and would heed its warnings.

For a long time he was kind and good and the ring never pricked him. This made him so cheerful and pleasant that everybody called him, “Happy Prince Cherry.”

Then one day he felt cross and when his dog came near he struck at it with a whip. At once he felt a prick like a pin.

"The fairy ring," he said, "but why should I care? I am ruler of a great kingdom and can do as I please."

Many times after that the ring pricked him and often the blood ran from his finger. This vexed the prince and one day he took the ring off and hid it where he hoped never to see it again.

Not long after when the prince was riding in the country he saw a beautiful young girl named Celia. He was so pleased with her that he asked her to become his wife.

"No," replied the girl, "I do not wish to marry you."

The prince was much surprised. "Do you not know that I am Prince Cherry?" he asked. "Why do you not wish to marry me?"

"I know that you are a prince," replied Celia, "but you are not like the good king, your father. You are cruel and unkind and I know I should not be happy with you."

At these words the prince became very angry and he commanded his soldiers to put the girl in prison near the palace.

Then the prince listened to wicked companions. One said, "Feed her on bread and water until she is ready to marry you."

Another said, "Keep her in prison as a warning to others who do not please you."

The next day he went to the prison to see the girl. He thought that he would ask her once more to marry him, but when he reached the cell and opened the great door he found that she was gone! Prince Cherry went into a great rage. He commanded that the keeper of the prison should be loaded with heavy chains and put in the place where Celia had been. He ordered that the soldiers should search for the girl until they found her. Then he returned to the palace and shut himself up in his room.

He had been there only a short time when suddenly the fairy appeared before him.

"Prince," she said, "I promised your father that I would try to make you good, but you no longer wear the ring I gave you and you do things that are wicked and cruel. You are no better than the beasts you kill when you hunt. You are like a lion in selfishness, a wolf in cruelty, and a wild boar in fury. Take, therefore, as your new form, the likeness of all these animals."

As the fairy spoke these words, Prince Cherry felt a great change come over him.

He had the head of a wild boar, the body of a lion, and the feet and tail of a wolf. At the same time he found himself taken to a forest near a little stream. He looked into the water and there he saw his own frightful shape.

Filled with anger he rushed away, but he had gone only a few steps when he was caught in a trap that had been set for bears. Soon the hunters came. They put chains upon him and led him to the city. There the people crowded around to see the strange animal that was like a wild boar and a lion and a wolf.

Prince Cherry became so angry that he tried to spring upon any who came near. The hunters took him to a great cage in the park and gave him to a cruel keeper who ill-treated him in many ways. Days passed and the prince learned what it was to suffer hunger and thirst and to endure pain.

One evening when the keeper was sleeping, a tiger broke loose and was about to leap upon him. Cherry at first was glad when he thought that the keeper was to be killed, then he saw how helpless the man was and he wished himself free that he might defend him.

Instantly the doors of his cage opened and he was able to kill the fierce tiger. The keeper awoke and thought that he was to be killed by the strange beast. Just then a voice was heard to say, "Good actions never go unrewarded," and in place of the frightful beast a little dog lay by the side of the dead tiger.

The keeper picked him up in his arms and petted him and spoke to him in soft tones. The next day he carried the dog to the home of a rich man, who bought him for his wife.

For a while Prince Cherry was well treated, he had good things to eat and everything that a dog could wish for. But one day his mistress decided that he was growing too fast; she wished him to remain small so she ordered that he should be fed very little.

Poor Cherry was nearly starved and he tried to run away from the home of the rich man. As he went down one of the streets he passed some soldiers who were dragging a young girl to prison. The girl turned toward him and he saw that she was Celia, the girl that he had loved and wished to marry. How he wished that he were again a fierce

beast that he might save her! And then he remembered that the soldiers were doing no more than he had once ordered them to do.

The great doors of the prison closed and Cherry was left outside.

A soldier opened a window and seeing the dog threw him a crust of bread. Cherry seized it eagerly, for he had tasted no food for two days. He was about to eat it when he saw by the side of the gate a poor boy who looked longingly at the bread.

"Poor child," thought Cherry, "he seems to be more hungry than I. I can wait a little longer for my dinner."

He ran up to the boy and placed the crust in his hand. Again a voice was heard to say, "Good actions never go unrewarded." And Cherry found himself changed into a beautiful white dove.

"Now," he said, "I can find where Celia is."

He flew to the prison windows, but she was not there. He searched over the whole city, but she could not be found. He flew over mountains and valleys and at last one evening he saw her sitting at the door of a cave.

He flew down and perched upon the girl's shoulder and put his bill lovingly against her cheek.

Celia was delighted with the beautiful dove. She petted it and said, "My pretty bird, if you will stay with me I will always love you and care for you."

At once the dove disappeared and Prince Cherry stood in his true form. At the same time the fairy stepped forth from the cave.

"Come, my children," she said, "and I will take you to the palace. Prince Cherry has learned his lesson through suffering and is worthy of the most beautiful maiden in the land."

She had scarcely finished speaking when they were back in the great palace Cherry had left many months before.

There was great rejoicing in the city



when the people learned that their prince had returned and had brought with him a beautiful maiden to be his wife.

King Cherry and Queen Celia ruled happily for many years. Cherry found the fairy ring that he had hidden and always kept it on his finger; but he was so good and kind and blameless in all he did that its prick was seldom felt.



MOMOTARO THE PEACH-BOY

FAR away in the sunny land of Japan a little old woman knelt by the side of a river washing clothes.

The water was clear and bright, the air was soft and warm, and as the old woman worked she sang a sweet little song.

Suddenly she stopped and looked out to the middle of the stream. Something seemed to be rolling over and over in the water. It came nearer and then the little old woman saw that it was a large red peach.

“What a fine peach,” she exclaimed. “I have never seen such a large one. It must be delicious to eat. How I wish that I could reach it, but it is too far from the shore.”

The peach seemed to pause for a moment. Then it rolled over and over again and stopped at the feet of the little old woman.

Wondering much at her good fortune, she picked it up and started for home.

“How pleased my old man will be,” she thought as she trudged along. “It is a long time since we had ripe fruit.”

At night the old man came from the mountain where he had been cutting grass.

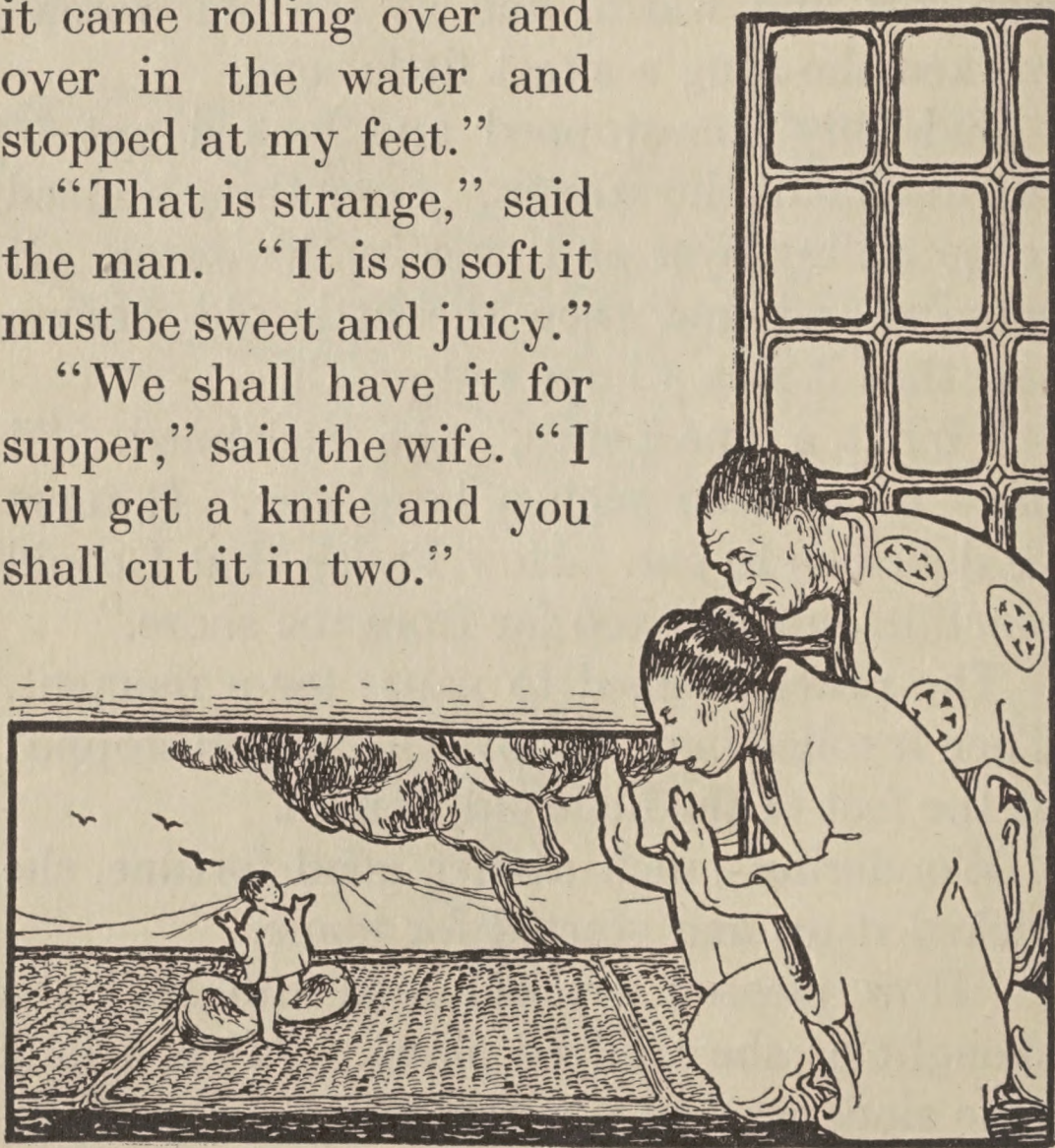
"Look," called the wife, "did you ever see such a beautiful peach?"

"I never saw such a fine one," replied the man. "Where did you buy it?"

"I did not buy it," said the wife. "This morning as I washed my clothes in the stream it came rolling over and over in the water and stopped at my feet."

"That is strange," said the man. "It is so soft it must be sweet and juicy."

"We shall have it for supper," said the wife. "I will get a knife and you shall cut it in two."



But just as he took the knife a strange thing happened: the peach fell into two parts and out stepped a little boy!

The old man and the little old woman nearly fainted with surprise. But the boy said, "Do not be afraid. You have often wished for a child and so the fairies have sent me to be your son. My name is Momotaro, or The Peach-boy."

How happy the old people were! Now every day seemed better than the one that had gone before.

The years passed quickly and Momotaro grew tall and handsome. He was stronger and braver than any youth in the village, and he was the finest hunter in the whole country.

One day when the peaches were again ripe on the hillside he came to the old man and said, "Father, for many years your kindness has been higher than the mountains and deeper than the rivers, now I pray you grant me one request."

And the old man answered, "Son, you have been very dear to us. What is it that you wish to ask? For surely we will grant it."

"I wish to go away," replied Momotaro,

"but I promise that I will return when I have fulfilled my mission."

"Go away!" exclaimed the little old woman. "Surely you will not leave us. Are you not happy here?"

"Listen," said Momotaro. "Far away on an island north of Japan live seven demons. It is they who send trouble and sickness and death to the people. It is they who spoil the harvest and send the floods and storms. I will slay them and so bring peace and happiness to our people."

Then the little old woman wept, for she feared for the safety of their son.

But the old man said, "Do not weep, wife. Surely the fairies who sent him to us will care for him. Perhaps it was intended that he should fight the enemies of Japan."

The little old woman dried her tears and began baking for the journey. From her store of millet she made many small cakes which she put into a bag that could be easily carried.

Then one bright morning Momotaro received the blessing of the old people and started northward.

He walked until noon and then sat down

to eat his dinner. Suddenly a fierce-looking dog ran toward him.

“Wan! Wan!” barked the dog. “This is my country. What right have you here? I am going to eat you up.”

Momotaro laughed and said, “You are a fierce dog, but I do not fear you. I go to fight the enemies of Japan.”

“You must be Momotaro,” replied the dog, “for no other could be so brave. Pray excuse my rude conduct and allow me to go with you.”

“You may be of help,” said the young man. “Eat this millet cake and we will journey onward.”

The dog ate the cake and they went over mountains and through valleys far to the north.

As they rested the next day at noon a monkey sprang down from a tree and cried, “How dare you cross over my mountain? I will call all my friends and we will drive you back with sticks and stones.”

Again Momotaro laughed, “Do you think that I am afraid of you and your friends? I go to fight the enemies of Japan.”

“You must be Momotaro,” replied the

monkey, "for no other could be so brave. Pray allow me to go with you."

Then the dog grew very angry. He growled fiercely and said, "You mountain monkey, of what use could you be in war? We go to fight. I alone will go with the great Momotaro."

But Momotaro answered, "Keep still, Dog. This monkey may be of use. I intend to take him with us. Here, Monkey, eat this millet cake and we will journey onward."

The monkey caught the cake and ate it eagerly. Then they all started on, but the dog and monkey soon began to quarrel. It was necessary to separate them, so Momotaro gave the monkey his flag and made him walk in front; to the dog who walked behind he gave his sword, while he himself walked in the middle and carried his fan.

The next day as they rested at noon a beautiful bird flew down near their feet. The dog at once sprang toward it and would have caught it, but Momotaro prevented this

"Who are you?" he asked the bird. "And why do you come to us?"

"I am called a pheasant," replied the bird. "Are you not the great Momotaro?"

"My name is Momotaro," was the answer, "and I go to fight the enemies of Japan."

"Pray allow me to go with you," begged the pheasant. "I am sure that I can be of some use."

Then the monkey laughed. "What can a bird do in war? We expect to fight. Surely, great Master, you will not allow this bird to go."

But Momotaro said, "Keep still, Monkey. The bird may be of use and shall go with us. Here, Pheasant, eat this millet cake and we will journey onward."

The next morning they came to the sea and far away to the north could be seen the demons' island. All day they walked along the sand while Momotaro watched the waves. A tiny speck on the water seemed to be coming toward them. It grew larger until at last a boat floated to the shore.

Then Momotaro, the dog, the monkey, and the pheasant got into the boat and it started for the island far to the northward.

For three days and three nights they sailed and the next morning they were close to the land. Before them was a great castle with a high stone wall all around it.

Momotaro called to the pheasant, "You have strong wings. Fly over the wall and find out what is happening."

The pheasant obeyed and flew high up in the air. Down in the courtyard he saw seven demons getting ready to fight. With a sudden sweep downward he darted at the largest demon and pecked his eyes out.

Momotaro with a huge club burst open the gate and the great fight began. The dog sprang upon the demons and bit them; the monkey rolled great stones from the high wall; while the strong sword of Momotaro flashed back and forth until all the demons were dead.


Then Momotaro and his helpers carried to the boat the great treasure of the dead demons. There were bags of pearls, coral, and tortoise shell besides many boxes of gold and silver.

Great was the joy of the Old Man and the Little Old Woman when Momotaro returned

bringing his great load of treasure and his three trusted friends, the Dog, the Monkey, and the Pheasant. And great was the happiness in all Japan when it was known that Momotaro had killed the evil demons.



THE STORY OF FAIRYFOOT

NCE upon a time in the west country there was a town called Stumpinghame. To the north of it, to the south of it, to the east of it, and to the west of it was a forest so thick and high that no man in the town had ever passed through it.

The people of Stumpinghame did not try to travel because every man, woman, and child had feet so large that it was not easy to go far. Now strange to say, everyone was proud of the great size of his feet.

The king had the largest feet of any. His wife, the queen, was very beautiful and her slippers might have been used for fishing boats. The six children of the king and queen all had big feet, and everyone was very happy until the seventh son was born. But this child had the smallest feet that had ever been seen in Stumpinghame! The queen shed many tears and the king did not smile for a month, but what could be done? The

wise men wrote books about it and the poor people talked about it and every one mourned with the king and queen.

At last the king could stand it no longer so he sent the child away to the home of a shepherd. Many people came there to see the baby. They looked at his feet, and because they were so small they called him "Fairyfoot." "For," they said, "no one but a fairy could walk on such feet."

In the palace it was not thought polite to speak of the child. Once a year a servant took a bundle of old clothes to him and paid the shepherd for what he had done.

So Fairyfoot grew up.



He lived out of doors in the sunshine, he ran after butterflies, and he danced over the meadows. He longed to play with the other children, but they made fun of his feet until Fairyfoot became sad and unhappy.

After a time the shepherd sent him to care for some sheep near the edge of the forest.

One summer day when the sheep were feeding, Fairyfoot looked up into the sky and saw a hawk chasing a robin. The poor robin could fly no farther; it fell toward the earth and Fairyfoot caught it in his cap.

He frightened away the hawk and then said, "Now you may go, poor little robin."

He opened the cap, but instead of a bird out stepped a little old man who bowed low and said, "Thank you for saving me, Fairyfoot. Call on me if you are ever in trouble. My name is Robin Goodfellow."

In an instant he was gone. Fairyfoot was greatly surprised and for several days could think of nothing but the queer little man.

Summer passed and autumn came. Every day Fairyfoot mourned over his small feet. How he wished they would grow and grow and grow.

One evening when he felt very lonely he thought of the little old man. "I wonder if he really could help me," said Fairyfoot.

He stood up and called, "Ho! Robin Goodfellow! Robin Goodfellow!"

"Here I am," said a shrill piping voice, "What is the matter?"

And there by his side was the little man.

"I am very lonely," said Fairyfoot. "No one will play with me because my feet are so small."

"Come and play with us," said the little man. "We have the best time in the world and care for nobody's feet."

He took Fairyfoot by the hand and led him far away into the dark forest. After a time they came to an open place where the moon shone as bright as day. Beautiful flowers were blooming and Fairyfoot heard sweet music.

The little man led him to a well and said, "This is the fairies' well. Drink of this water and you shall forget all your troubles."

Fairyfoot took the cup and drank eagerly. He turned to the open space and there he saw many fairies, and elves dancing. Others

were sitting around low tables under great rose trees, eating honey and drinking tiny cups of milk.

As soon as they saw Fairyfoot they gathered around him and begged him to dance with them or to have something to eat. Fairyfoot had never been so happy in his life. He danced and played until the moon was low in the sky and then the little man took him back to his bed of straw in the shepherd's cottage.

Every day he tended his sheep as usual, but every night when the shepherd was safe in bed, the little man came and took him away to dance in the forest. Fairyfoot was no longer sad; he did not grieve that his father and mother had forgotten him or that the children with big feet would not play with him.

Now one night after a long happy dance he heard two fairies talking.

One said, "What a handsome boy Fairyfoot is. He ought to be a king's son. See what fine small feet he has."

And the other said, "Yes, they are just like the feet of the Princess Maybloom before she washed them in the Growing Well. Now

her feet are dreadfully big. Every doctor in the land has tried to make them small, but nothing in the world will do it except water from the Crystal Fountain."

"Where is that?" asked the other fairy.

"No one knows but the nightingales and they won't tell," was the answer.

The fairies went back to the dance and Fairyfoot sat and wondered.

"How strange," he thought, "that anyone should want to have *little* feet."

He wished that he could see the princess and then he wished that he might find the Growing Well.

The moon sank lower and at last went out of sight. Instead of waiting for the little man to take him home Fairyfoot wandered into the forest. He found a little stream and he followed its banks for a long, long way. At last he reached a fountain and there he sat down to rest.

Some nightingales were singing in the branches above and Fairyfoot listened to their sweet songs. In a little while they stopped singing and began to talk.

"What boy is that who sits by the Crystal Fountain?" asked one.

"He has not come to bathe his feet," said the other, "for see how small they are. I wonder if he knows that the water will make big feet become small."

Fairyfoot listened to hear more, but the birds flew away and he was left alone. Then he thought of the Princess Maybloom.

"How I wish I could find her and bring her to the Crystal Fountain," he cried. "How *can* I find her?"

He thought all day and all night and then he remembered the little old man.

"Ho! Robin Goodfellow! Robin Goodfellow!" he called.

In an instant the little man stood by his side. "What do you want?" he asked.

"Lead me to the palace of the Princess Maybloom. I must see her and tell her of the Crystal Fountain."

"Come, then," said Robin Goodfellow, and they started out. They went over hills and through valleys. They passed fields and villages and at last came to the great city of the king. They walked until they reached the palace gate and then the little man disappeared.

Fairyfoot slipped through the gate and

went into the king's garden. A beautiful white fawn came running by and he heard some one call, "Come back, come back, my fawn! I cannot run and play with you now, my feet have grown so heavy."

Fairyfoot looked around and saw a beautiful princess dressed in white and wearing a wreath of flowers on her head. But she walked slowly and he saw that her feet were so large and heavy that she could scarcely move.

Fairyfoot bowed low before her and said, "Princess Maybloom, I have heard that you are troubled because your feet have grown so large. I have come to tell you of a wonderful fountain that will make them grow small again."

When the princess heard this she laughed for joy. She led Fairyfoot to the king and queen, and he told them of the fairies and of the nightingales and the Crystal Fountain.

At first the king would not listen to him, but the queen begged that Fairyfoot be allowed to lead the princess and two of her maids to the wonderful fountain.

The king at last agreed and the next

morning Fairyfoot and the princess and the two maids started for the Crystal Fountain. The princess rode a small pony because it was not easy for her to walk and Fairyfoot stayed close by her side.

At the gate Fairyfoot called Robin Goodfellow and he took them back past the fields and villages, over the hills, and through the valleys.

When they reached the Crystal Fountain the princess slipped off her shoes and dipped her feet into the water. Instantly they grew smaller, and when she had washed and dried them three times they were as little and finely shaped as any maiden's in the land.

The princess was so happy that she could not stand still. She danced around Fairyfoot and thanked him again and again.

"Oh," said Fairyfoot, "if I could only find a well to make my feet grow large, then my father and mother would love me."

"I can show you that," cried the princess. "The Growing Well is on the road near my father's palace. Come, let us go."

They went back over the road they had come and at last they came to a well almost hidden by a big bush.



“This,” said the princess, “is the Growing Well. Dip your feet here and they shall become as large as you wish.”

Fairyfoot ran to it; he pulled his shoes off and started to put his feet into the water. Then he looked at Princess Maybloom. He saw how beautiful she was, and how small and pretty her feet were. He thought, “If my feet become large, I know Princess Maybloom will never care for me.”

Then he said out loud, “I do not want big feet now. I wish to go with you to your father.”

There was great joy that day in the palace because the feet of the princess were small again. The king gave Fairyfoot many fine presents and begged him to stay with them.


In a few years Fairyfoot and the princess were married and were happy ever after.

Once a year they go to visit Fairyfoot's father and mother. Then they bathe their feet in the Growing Well until they are larger than any in Stumpingame. When they return they go to the Crystal Fountain and their feet are again small.

Sometimes Fairyfoot hears the fairy music and calls for Robin Goodfellow. Then he and the beautiful Princess Maybloom dance all night with the fairies under the great rose trees in the big forest.



TRUE AND UNTRUE

NCE upon a time there was a widow who had two sons. One of the boys was called True because he was good and kind toward all, and the other was called Untrue because he was unkind toward every one and no one could believe a word that he said.

Now the mother was very poor and so one morning when the sons were grown she called them to her and said, "My sons, you know that it is hard for all of us to get enough bread to eat, so I must send you out into the world to seek your fortunes. Take these two baskets of food and may good luck go with you."

So saying, she bade them good-by, and the sons started out down the long road that led past their door.

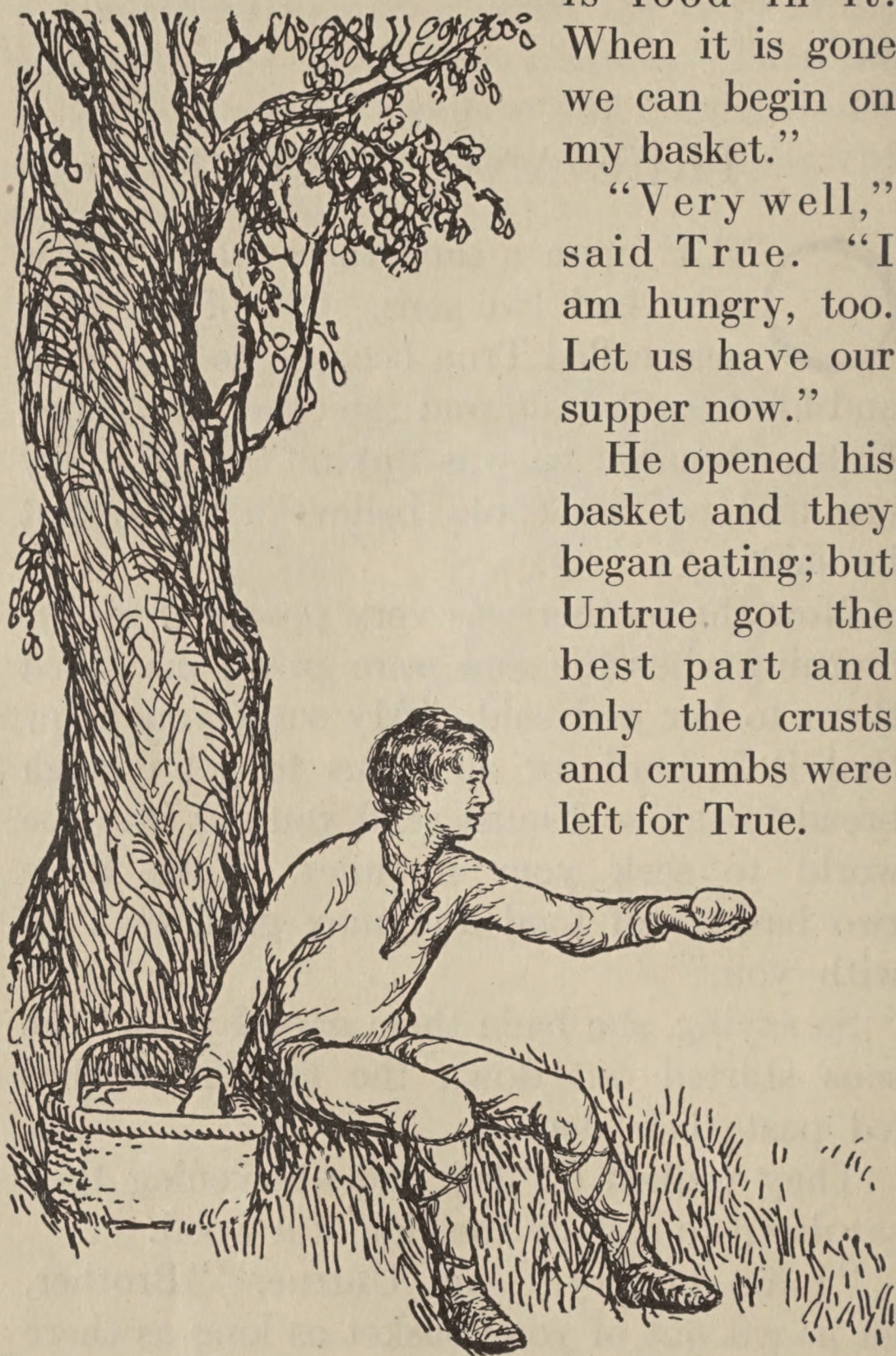
They walked all day and at evening they sat down to rest by the side of a wood.

"I am hungry," said Untrue. "Brother, let us eat out of your basket as long as there

is food in it. When it is gone we can begin on my basket."

"Very well," said True. "I am hungry, too. Let us have our supper now."

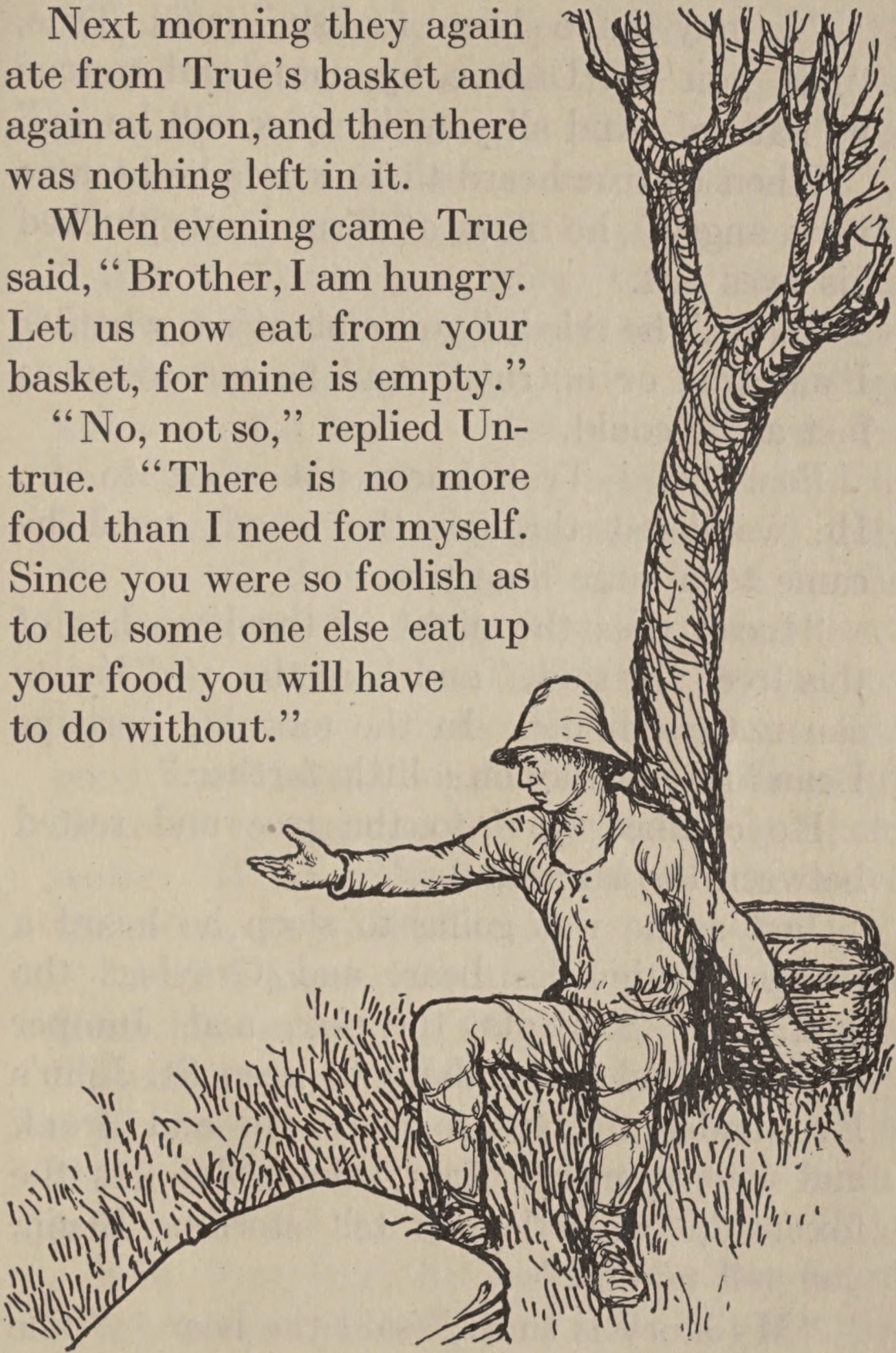
He opened his basket and they began eating; but Untrue got the best part and only the crusts and crumbs were left for True.



Next morning they again ate from True's basket and again at noon, and then there was nothing left in it.

When evening came True said, "Brother, I am hungry. Let us now eat from your basket, for mine is empty."

"No, not so," replied Untrue. "There is no more food than I need for myself. Since you were so foolish as to let some one else eat up your food you will have to do without."



“I may have been foolish,” said True, “but you are Untrue by name and untrue by nature. And all your life you will be so.”

When Untrue heard these words he became very angry; he flew at True and plucked his eyes out.

“Now,” he cried, “you cannot see whether I am true or untrue.” And he ran away as fast as he could.

Poor blind True knew not what to do. He wandered through the woods until he came to a large lime tree.

“I can pass the night in the branches of this tree,” he said, “and here the wild beasts can not harm me. In the morning perhaps I can find my way on a little farther.”

He climbed up into the tree and rested between the large limbs.

Just as he was going to sleep he heard a noise. Bruin the bear, and Graylegs the wolf, and Slyboots the fox, and Jumper the hare had come there to keep St. John's Eve under the tree. They ate and drank and had a merry time; then Slyboots the fox said, “Now let us tell stories. Bruin, you tell us one.”

“My story is short,” said the bear. “The

king of the country is nearly blind, but if he would only come to this lime tree in the morning and rub his eyes with the dew from its leaves, he could see as well as any one."

"That is true!" said Graylegs the wolf. "And I know something, too. The king has a beautiful daughter that is deaf and dumb, but she could be cured if only they knew what I know. Under the floor of the church sits a toad with a crust of bread in its mouth. If the king's men would only dig up the floor and give the bread to the princess, she would be well in a minute."

"That is true, too," said Slyfoot the fox. "And I know where the king can find good water near his palace. Under the great stone in the garden is a spring of clear cold water. If he only knew enough to move the stone, he would find it."

"And I know why the king gets no fruit from his orchard," said Jumper the hare. "He has many fine trees, but there is a heavy gold chain fastened around the roots of all of them. If the king would only dig up the chain, he would have the finest fruit in the world."

Now True from his seat in the tree heard every word that had been said. At last the

animals went home and he was left alone. But he slept not a wink, for he was so eager for the morning to come when he might be able to see again.

After what seemed a long time the birds began to sing and he knew that the day was coming.

Then True took the dew from the leaves of the lime tree, he rubbed his eyes with it, and he could see as well as any one.

He climbed down from the tree and started for the palace of the king. In two days he reached there and asked for work. The head gardener liked the looks of True, and he was sent to weed the garden beds. Now about noon the king passed that way and as the day was hot he stopped to get a drink from the well. He poured out a cup of water, but it was so warm and muddy he would not touch it.

"Would that I had some clear cold water," he said. "I would pay a big price for one good drink."

Then True stepped forward and, bowing low, said, "Your majesty, if you will send five men to help me lift this great stone you shall soon have a fine spring of water."

The king ordered five men to be called at once. Together they lifted the great rock and a fountain of clear cold water sprang into the air.

The king was delighted and ordered a fine gift to be given to True.

The next day the king was again in the garden when a great hawk flew down and lighted upon one of the trees. The king raised his bow and arrow to shoot, but he could not see so far.

"Ah me," he cried. "If some one cannot help me soon, I shall be blind."

"Your majesty," cried True, "if you will but go with me to the great lime tree and bathe your eyes in the dew from its leaves, you shall see as well as any one."

The king and True set out at once, and in two days they came to the lime tree. They rested that night and early in the morning the king bathed his eyes as True directed. As soon as the dew touched them they became so strong that he could see as well as any one.

They returned to the palace, and the king was so happy that he kept True constantly at his side. He gave him jewels and new

clothes and True was as fine a gentleman as there was in the land.

One day as the king was walking in his orchard he said, "I do not see why it is that I get no fruit from my trees. From all this splendid orchard I get nothing. If some one would only tell me what is the matter, I would make him rich."

"If I may have what is fastened around the roots of your trees," said True, "I will make your trees bear loads of fruit."

"You may have anything you find," said the king, "if you will make the trees bear."

Then True ordered men to dig around each tree. They took up the heavy gold chain and that summer the trees bore more fruit than had ever been seen in the land before.

The gold chain now belonged to True and this made him a rich man — much richer, indeed, than the king.

Now the king would have been very happy had it not been for one great sorrow. His only daughter, whom he dearly loved, could neither speak nor hear. She was deaf and dumb.

One day the king called True to him and said, "You have done many wonderful

things; can you not make my daughter well? If you can make her speak and hear, she shall be your wife, and I will give you half of my kingdom."

And True answered, "O King, send men that they may raise the stone floor of the church."

The men were sent in great haste and told to obey every word of True. They raised the heavy stone and there underneath it sat a toad with a crust of bread in its mouth. True took the bread and quickly carried it to the princess. As soon as she tasted it she could hear and talk as other people.

Then there was great rejoicing, and every one in the palace began to prepare for the wedding of True and the princess.

Such a wedding feast was never seen. Just as they were dancing the last dance a ragged beggar came to the door and asked for food. True looked at him and saw that it was his brother, Untrue.

"Do you not know me?" asked True.

"How should a poor beggar know so rich a gentleman as you?" was the reply.

"But you should know me," said True. "It was I that you left in the wood to starve

after you had plucked out my eyes, just one year ago. You are Untrue by name and untrue by nature. Still you are my brother and you shall have food. Then you may go to the lime tree where I sat last year. Perhaps the beasts may come again and tell stories."

Untrue ate until he could eat no more and then hastened to the lime tree.

"Perhaps some of my brother's good luck may come to me," he said.

He climbed into the branches and waited. Before long the beasts came and began eating their dinner.

"Now let us tell stories," said the fox.

But the bear said, "No, some one has told what we said last year. We will not tell any more stories."

The beasts went home and Untrue knew no more than he did before. All his life he was a beggar and all his life he was Untrue by name and untrue by nature.

THE MAGIC PRISON

LITTLE HARWEDA was born a prince. His father was king over all the land and Prince Harweda was his only child. From the day of his birth everything that love or money could do had been done for him. He slept on a bed of the softest down, he played with toys made of gold, and he ate from dishes set with rare jewels.

But the king and queen were not very wise. They never tried to make the boy think of any one else, so of course he grew very selfish. By the time he was ten years old he was so greedy and cruel and disagreeable that no one wanted to be near him.

"What shall we do?" cried the poor queen mother.

"Ah, what can we do?" sighed the king. "No one loves our son and he can never be a great king."

"Let us send for his fairy godmother," said the queen. "Perhaps she can tell us."

So a messenger was sent and the fairy came in great haste.

"Well, well, well," she said. "This is a very sad case. Why did you not call me sooner?"

She stayed all day with the little prince and then she said, "You will have to let me take him away for a long time if I am to cure him of his selfishness."

And the king said, "We will agree to anything if our son can be made to care for others as he does for himself."

Then before the queen could speak, the fairy picked up Prince Harweda and flew away with him as lightly as if he were a feather. They went a long way over the hilltops until they came to a great forest. Near the middle of it the fairy stopped and put the prince down in front of a beautiful pink marble palace.

"This is your home," said the fairy. "In it you may do whatever you wish."

Harweda was delighted, for there was nothing in the world he liked better than to do as he pleased. Without even thanking the fairy godmother, he ran into the house. As he entered, the great door shut with a bang and locked itself, but Prince Harweda

did not care, for he did not love the beautiful outside world.

Eagerly he ran about, looking at the wonderful things in this strange new home. The floor was of copper, the ceiling of pearl, and the furniture of gold and silver. In the center of the room a fountain of sparkling water danced and played in the sunlight and near a window was a large cage in which a beautiful bird sang a glad song.

"Ah," thought the prince, "here I can do as I please, for there is no one to make me learn stupid lessons."

On a table were baskets of fruit and dishes filled with rare sweetmeats.

"Good," cried the greedy young prince. "this is what I like best of all." And he fell to eating as fast as he could.

But although he ate a great deal the table was just as full as when he began; for this was a magic palace which the fairies had built. When Prince Harweda had eaten until he could eat no more he threw himself down on one of the couches and fell asleep.

When he awoke he noticed the walls which were the strangest part of his new home. There were twelve long windows which reached

from the ceiling to the floor. The spaces between the windows were filled in with mirrors exactly the same size as the windows, so that the whole room was walled in with windows and looking-glasses.

Outside the windows were flowers and birds and many beautiful things, but Prince Harweda did not notice them, for he was so delighted with the great mirrors. Each day he spent hours before them looking at himself, and he did not see that a strange thing was happening: the mirrors were growing larger and larger and the windows smaller and smaller.

Soon the windows became so narrow that they let in very little light, and then one morning the prince awoke and found himself in darkness. He called loudly for someone to come and open a window, but no one answered. He went to the great iron door and kicked and beat upon it, but it did not open. Then he became quite angry. He thought of his fairy godmother and he called her names for shutting him up in such a place.

He went to lie on his couch, but instead of its being soft with many cushions it was

bare and hard. He reached out his hand for some fruit, but only two withered apples remained on the table.

Prince Harweda was now quite frightened. Was he to starve to death in this prison? There was not a sound anywhere; even the fountain had stopped dancing and singing. Harweda threw himself down on the floor and cried bitterly.

At last he thought he heard a faint sound. He raised his head and listened. It seemed that some tiny creature was moving about not far from him. For the first time he remembered the bird in its gilded cage.

"Poor little thing," he cried, springing up, "you must be as frightened and hungry as I am."

As he came to the cage the bird gave a faint chirp.

"Perhaps you are thirsty," said the prince. "I will bring you a drink."

As the boy lifted the cup toward the cage harsh grating sounds were heard and faint rays of light shone through narrow cracks where the windows had been.

"See," cried the prince, "now we at least have a little light."

The next day he was so hungry that he began to eat one of the withered apples, but as he bit it he thought of his fellow-prisoner, the bird.

“You must be hungry, too,” said he, as he divided the apple and put part in the cage.

Again came the harsh grating sounds and the boy noticed that the cracks of light were growing larger. Eagerly he climbed upon a chair to see out. Never

before had the trees and green grass seemed so wonderful.

“Oh, my pretty bird,” he cried joyfully, “I can see the great beautiful outside world, and you shall see it, too.”

With these words he reached up and lifted the cage from its hook. Carrying it to the nearest crack of light, he placed it close to the narrow opening. Again were





heard the strange sounds and the walls moved until the windows were at least two inches wide. At this the prince clapped his hands with delight.

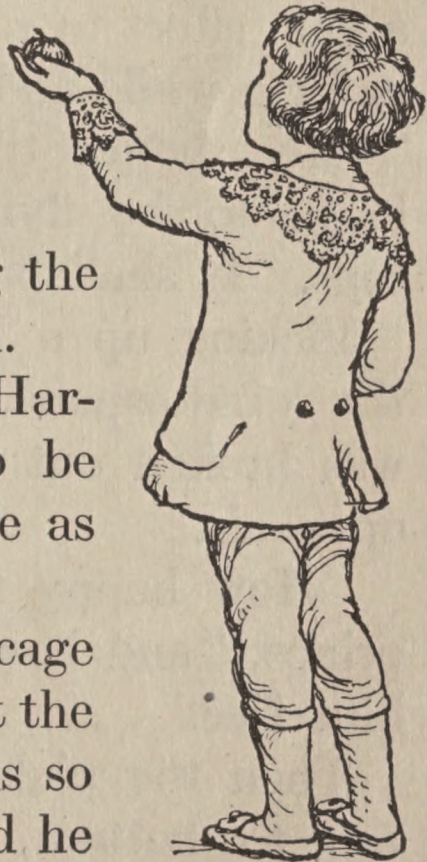
The next day as he was carefully cleaning the cage of the bird the windows became another inch wider. Prince Harweda no longer cared for the big mirrors; he saw only the golden sunshine and the beautiful



landscape outside the windows. One day as he sat close to the narrow opening the bird gave a pitiful little trill.

"Poor little fellow," said Harweda, "would you like to be free? You shall at least be as free as I."

So saying, he opened the cage door and the bird flew about the room. Prince Harweda was so much occupied with the bird he



did not notice that the walls had again moved and that the windows were their full size. He looked around the room and found that it seemed almost the same as it did the first day he entered. The fountain again laughed and played, the couches were again covered with soft cushions, the table was loaded with fruit.

But the prince no longer cared for these things. He longed to be out of doors, he wished to be with people, to hear them talk, and see them smile.

The little bird flew about the room and then fluttered against the windowpane in a vain effort to get out. The prince watched it for a while and as he did so he thought, "Why should the bird be a prisoner? It longs to be flying about among the tree tops. It shall be free even if I cannot."

Picking up a heavy vase, he struck upon the windowpane. A small piece of glass was broken out and the bird flew into the open air.

"How happy my bird is," exclaimed the prince, "and how glad I am that I could set him free."

Then the pink marble palace shook from top to bottom, the iron door flew open,

and Prince Harweda was as free as the bird. On the steps stood his fairy godmother with her hands stretched out toward him.

“Come, my godchild,” she said, “we shall now go back to your father and mother and they will rejoice that you have been cured.”

So Prince Harweda returned to the palace. The king and queen were so delighted with their kind, unselfish son that they proclaimed a great holiday and all the people came to see the gentle prince who would one day rule over them.



THE TROLL'S HAMMER

THERE was once a poor man who was unable to get enough food for his little family so he called his eldest son, Neils, to him and bade him go far away to look for work.

Early the next morning the lad started out to seek his fortune. All day he walked on and on and when evening came he found himself in a dark forest. Fearing that wild beasts might harm him he climbed into a high tree and prepared to spend the night there.

He had been there only a short time when he saw a queer little man running toward him. He was hunchbacked, had crooked legs, and on his head wore a tiny red cap. A wolf was chasing him and as they came near the tree it sprang upon the little man and would have torn him to pieces. But just then with a loud shout, Neils leaped from the tree and picking up a club drove the wolf away.

"You have saved my life," said the little man, "and in return I shall give you a fairy

gift. Here is a hammer with which you will be able to do wonderful work."

When he had spoken these words he sank into the ground and disappeared. Then Neils knew that the little man was a troll from Fairyland and he wondered what good luck the hammer might bring to him.

The next day the boy came to a town near the king's palace and here he asked work of a smith by the name of Gunter.

"Can you make a good lock?" asked Gunter.

"Yes, I think I can," replied the boy.

"If you can make the best lock that has ever been seen," said the smith, "I will hire you. Last week the king's treasury was broken open and robbed of a large bag of money and he has offered gold and high honor to the smith who can make a lock that can not be broken by robbers. If you will make such a lock for me to take to the king I will pay you well."

"I will try," replied Neils; for he thought, "Now is the time to test my wonderful hammer."

Then he shut himself up in a small shop with a forge, and the hammer seemed to

work by itself. In three days the lock was finished and the smith carried it to the palace. There were locks from all parts of the country but none was so skillfully made as the one that Gunter brought.



So Neils's master was declared to be the most clever smith in the kingdom and the king gave him the promised bag of gold. Gunter eagerly carried the gold home but he said nothing about the boy who had done the work.

"Now may I have the wages that you promised me?" asked Neils when he heard of his master's good luck.

"I will not pay you now," replied Gunter. "There is other work to be done; go back to the forge."

In the meantime many people came from far countries to see the lock and among them

was a king who examined it long and carefully.

"You have a fine smith," he said, "but I have a better one in my country."

"That cannot be," said the other king, "but if you wish we will put them to test."

So it was agreed that the king who could show the finest knife should win a bag of precious jewels. Then the king sent for Gunter.

"I must have the finest knife that has ever been made," he said, "and it must be finished in ten days."

Gunter hurried home and called to Neils, "Get to work, boy. I must have the finest knife that has ever been made. If it is not ready in ten days you shall be beaten and have nothing to eat."

Again Neils was shut in the little shop with the forge and again the wonderful hammer did the work. On the tenth day Gunter carried to the king a curious knife. The stranger king was there and he showed a beautiful knife set with jewels that was so sharp that it could cut through a thick board at one stroke.

Then Gunter did as Neils had told him;

he picked up the stranger's knife and with the knife that the boy had made he split it from point to handle as easily as one splits a twig of willow.

So Gunter's king won the bag of jewels and he gave a rich reward to the smith for the wonderful knife.

When the master reached home Neils again asked for his wages, and again the smith replied, "I will not pay you now. There is other work to be done; go back to the forge."

"For," thought the man, "if I pay the boy now he may go away and refuse to work any more for me."

But Neils was very unhappy and the next day he went to the king and told him the story of the lock and the knife. The king at once sent for Gunter, who, when he came, declared that the boy had not told the truth.

"We will find out about this," said the king. "Each of you shall make a sword and we shall see who is the clever workman."

Gunter and Neils were placed in separate rooms and at the end of a week each brought a sword to the king. Gunter's was very beautiful but when the king bent it, it broke into two pieces.

"Where is your sword?" the king asked of Niels.

"Here in my pocket," answered the boy.

All in the room began to laugh when the boy took out a small round package. He opened it and showed the blade rolled up like a watch spring. Out of the other pocket he took a hilt of gold and screwed it to the blade. Then kneeling, he presented it to the king. All present gathered close to see, for never before had such a wonderful sword been seen in the kingdom.

Gunter now had to confess that Neils had made both the lock and the knife. The king in anger would have had the man put to death if the boy had not begged for his life.

As for Neils, the king gave him large rewards and made him an officer in the kingdom. In time he became very rich, he owned much land and had many fine houses, but his dearest possession was the hammer given him by the queer little dwarf in the dark forest.

THE TONGUE-CUT SPARROW

LONG, long ago, far away in the land of Japan, there lived a little old man and a little old woman. And they were so very poor that they had to work hard every day to get enough to eat.

One morning when the old woman opened the door she saw on the step a tiny sparrow.

“You poor little thing,” she said, “you must be hungry and your feathers are all wet from the rain.”

Taking him up in her warm hands she held him in the sunshine until his wings were dry, and she fed him food from her own breakfast. Then she let him go, and after singing a sweet song the bird flew away.

Every morning after that, just as the sun was coming over the mountain tops, the sparrow perched on the roof of the house and sang over and over his sweet songs.

The old man and the old woman grew to love the bird, for they said, “Every day he wakes us and bids us be happy. His sweet

singing makes the day seem better and brighter."

But near them lived a cross old woman who did not like birds and their songs. She did not like to be wakened early in the morning; so one day she caught the sparrow and cut his tongue.

The poor little bird flew far away to his home, for he could never sing again.

The old man and the woman missed their little friend and when they heard what had happened they were very sad.

One day the little old woman said to her husband, "Let us go and find our poor little sparrow. We can tell him how we enjoyed his songs and how sorry we are for him."

So early the next morning they started down the long road. After a time they saw a white owl who was taking a nap in a tree.

"Do you know where the Tongue-Cut Sparrow lives?" asked the old man.

"Don't bother me," said the white owl. "I never heard of a Tongue-Cut Sparrow."

The old man and woman walked on and on. At the end of the road they saw a red squirrel who was gathering nuts.

“Do you know where the Tongue-Cut Sparrow lives?” asked the old woman.

“No,” said the red squirrel. “I never heard of a Tongue-Cut Sparrow. But if you go through the dark woods you will see a gray bat. He is very wise; ask him.”

The old man and woman trudged through the dark woods and there they saw a gray bat hanging from the branch of a tree.

“Oh, Gray Bat,” said the old man, “you are very wise; please tell us where we can find the Tongue-Cut Sparrow.”

“Go over the mountain,” said the gray bat, “and you will find his little home.”

The little old people walked on and on, they climbed over the high mountain and at last came to a tiny house. There at the door was the sad little bird.

“Dear Sparrow,” said the little old man, “we have come to tell you how much we love you and how sorry we are that you cannot sing.”

Then the sparrow was very happy. He flew down to the old woman’s shoulder and put his head gently against her face. All day they stayed together, and as the sun began to sink the old people started for home.

Then the sparrow led them down a narrow little path at the end of which they found two baskets, one very large and the other very small.

"He means for us to take one of these," said the old man. "Which shall we choose?"

"We must not be greedy," said the little old woman. "Since he is so kind let us take the smaller one."

So, carrying it carefully between them, they went back over the high mountain, through the dark woods, and down the long road until they came to their own little home.



"Let us open the basket," said the little old woman. "I wonder what the sparrow has given us."

As she spoke the basket seemed to grow larger and larger. Piles of gold and rolls of rich silk fell from it, enough to make them rich all their lives. The old people could hardly believe their eyes.

"The dear sparrow!" said they. "The dear good sparrow! See what he has done for us!"

Now the cross old woman who had cut

the sparrow's tongue looked in through the window. She saw the basket, the piles of gold, and the rolls of silk. The old people told her of their visit to the sparrow and the cross woman planned how she might get gold and silk for herself.

"I am very sorry," she said, "that I cut the tongue of the sparrow. Please tell me where he lives so that I may ask him to forgive me."

The kind old woman told her the way and she started out. She went down the long road, she trudged through the dark wood, and she climbed over the high mountain. When she found the poor sparrow she pretended to be very sorry for what she had done and begged to be forgiven.

Toward night she started home and the sparrow led her down the narrow path where she saw two baskets.

"I am going to take the larger one," she said. "I want to be richer than my neighbors."

But the basket was very heavy and she could hardly drag it over the steep mountain; when she came to the dark wood she could scarcely carry it for the branches seemed to

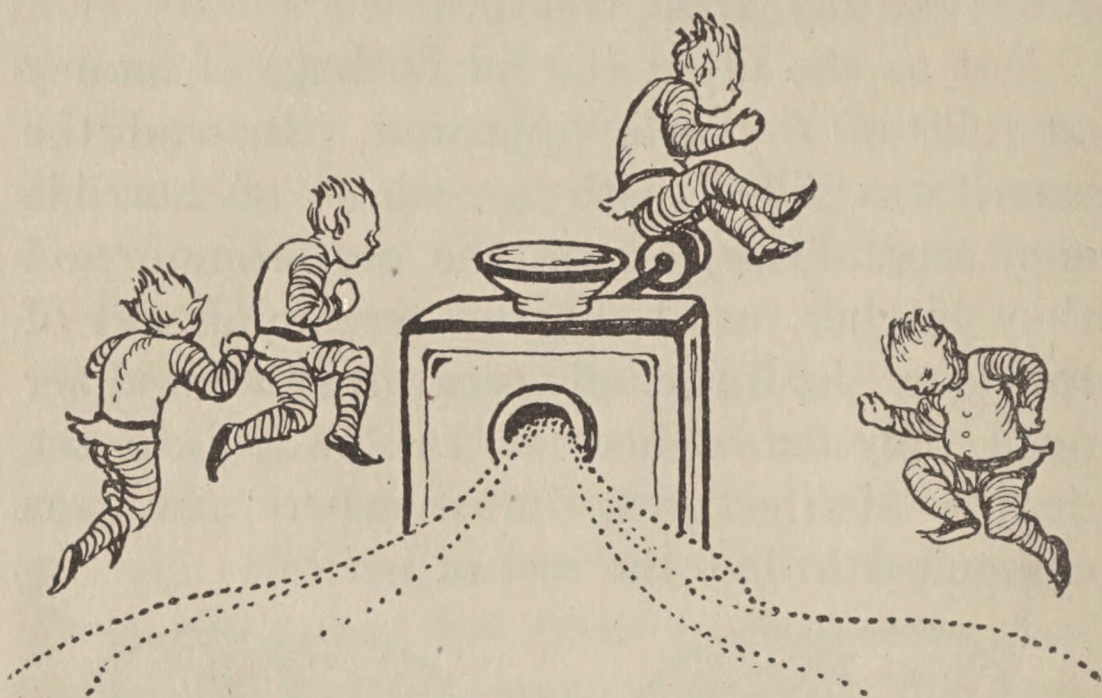
hold it back; and when she went down the long road it grew heavier and heavier. At last she reached home nearly dead.

“I will shut my blinds,” she said, “and then I will see my great treasure.”

But as she lifted the lid no bags of money or rolls of rich silk appeared. Instead the room was filled with a swarm of horrible creatures. They stung the old woman and they bit her, until she ran screaming out of the door. Still the ugly creatures followed her until they drove her far, far away into the depths of the dark forest where she was compelled to live the rest of her life.



WHY THE SEA IS SALT



ONCE in a far-away land there lived two men who were brothers. The older brother was rich; he lived in a very large house and had many servants. He wore fine clothes and he and his wife ate the best kind of food.

The younger brother was poor; he lived in a very small house. He wore ragged clothes and some days he and his wife had nothing at all to eat.

New Year's Day came. The rich man ordered a great feast and invited many guests to come and dine with him.

The poor brother was hungry. He and his wife had eaten the last of their bread the day before.

"I will go to my brother," said the poor man; "it is New Year's Day, perhaps he will give us something."

So he went to the big house. He told his brother how hungry he and his wife were and he asked for food.

"Take this piece of meat," said the brother crossly, "and do not ask for more."

The poor man put the meat into his basket, thanked his brother, and started home. On his way he passed through a thick wood; there he met an old woman with a long staff.

"Where are you going?" asked the old woman. "And what have you in your basket?"

The poor man told her about his rich brother and of the meat that he was taking home for his New Year's dinner.

"And so you have some meat," said the old woman. "That is good. Now if you will do as I say, you need never be hungry again."

"Tell me what to do," cried the man eagerly. "I will do anything if I need never be hungry."

"Do you see this rock?" asked the old woman. "Lift it up and you will find a door. It leads to the goblins' home. Go through the door and the long hall and you will come to a yard where the goblins are playing ball. As soon as they smell the meat they will want to buy it of you. Do not trade it for anything except the little old mill that stands behind the door. Bring it here and I will show you how to use it."

The man lifted up the rock; there was the door as the old woman had said. He opened it and passed down the long hall. It was very dark but at the end he saw a ray of light. He went toward it and there in a yard were big goblins and little goblins playing ball. As soon as they smelled the meat they ran to the man and began to beg for it.

"What will you take for it?" asked one.

"I will give you this ball," said one.

"I will give you money," said another.

The man said, "Give me the little old mill that stands behind the door and I will let you have the meat."

“Let him have the mill if he wants it,” said a big goblin. “He does not know how to use it.”

A little goblin ran to get it and the trade was made.

The man took the mill under his arm; he went back through the long hall, through the door, and into the woods. There the old woman showed him how to use the mill and he started home.

“You have been gone a long time,” said his wife. “I hope you have brought some food. I am very hungry.”

“Do you see this mill?” asked the man.

“Yes,” said the wife, “but that can not feed us or keep us warm.”

“Wait,” said the husband. “This is a very wonderful mill; I will show you what it can do.”

He put the mill on the table and said,

“Grind, mill, grind;
Grind us a dinner,
The best you can find.”

The mill began to grind round and round and out came a tablecloth, knives, forks, and spoons, and dishes filled with good things to

eat. When the table was covered the man said,

“Be still, mill
It is my will.”

The mill stopped and the man and his wife sat down to the best dinner they had ever seen.

When they had finished the man started the mill again and it ground out fine clothes for both of them and many things for the house. The next day it ground out material for a new house and money enough to pay men to build it.

Not long after this the rich brother heard that his poor brother was living in a big new house and that he and his wife were wearing fine clothes and had money to spend. So he went to visit his brother. When he saw the fine house with its beautiful garden he was angry.

“Where did you get all these things?” he asked.

At first the younger brother would not tell, but after awhile he brought out the mill and made it grind out gold to show his brother.

“What will you take for it?” asked the rich man. “I will buy it of you.”

The younger brother refused to sell, but the rich man begged so hard that at last he said, "You may have it for one thousand dollars."

The rich man paid the money, took the mill under his arm, and started home.

When he reached home he was hungry so he said,

"Grind, mill, grind;
Grind me bread and honey,
The best you can find."

The mill began to grind round and round and out poured a stream of honey and loaves of bread. It filled all the dishes the rich man could find.

"Stop, mill," he cried. But that was not the way to stop it. The mill ground on and on. The honey covered the floor, it ran out into the hall and pantry; honey and bread poured out of the doors and windows.

The rich man rushed out of the house and a stream of honey ran after him. He hurried to his brother's house.

"Brother," he called, "come quick and stop your mill or we shall all be drowned in honey."

"What is the matter?" asked the younger brother. "Do you not like the mill?"

"I will give you two thousand dollars if you will only come and take it away," said the older brother.

So the younger brother went to the rich man's house. He waded through honey and loaves of bread to the mill.

"Be still, mill,
It is my will."

he whispered and the mill obeyed.

Then the younger brother took the mill home. Every day it ground for him until he could think of nothing more that he wanted.

One day a ship came into port. The captain had come to buy salt. He heard of the wonderful mill and went to see it.

"Can it grind salt?" he asked.

"It can grind anything," said its owner.
"Let me show you."

So he said,

"Grind, mill, grind;
Grind me salt,
The best you can find."

The mill ground round and round and a stream of white salt came out. After the captain had gone the owner stopped the mill and put it away.

That night when everything was still the captain and two of his men came back to the house. While the owner was sleeping they stole the mill and carried it away to the ship. They set sail and next morning they were far away.

Then the captain set the mill on the deck. He said,

“Grind, mill, grind,
Grind me salt,
The best you can find.”

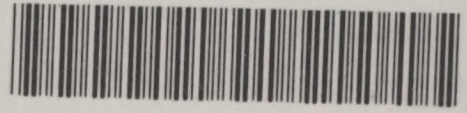
The mill ground round and out came a stream of white salt. The sailors filled the bags and boxes and baskets.

“Stop, mill,” cried the captain, but that was not the way to stop it. The mill ground on and on. Salt covered the deck and the ship began to sink.

The captain was frightened. He picked up the mill and threw it into the sea.

Down it sank to the bottom still grinding and grinding salt. And some people say that is why the sea is salt.

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